THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK III

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No 494

King George V.

THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK III

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF MANITOBA
SASKATCHEWAN, ALBERTA, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA

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THE CANADIAN READERS

BOOK III

O CANADA!

O CANADA! Our home and native land,
True patriot love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! Glorious and free!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.
How dear to us thy vast domain,
From East to Western Sea,

Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free!
O Canada! Glorious and free!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western Sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland,
Our true North, strong and free!
O Canada! Glorious and free!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

R. Stanley Weir.

BELLING THE CAT

A SLY cat had her home in a gentleman's house. She was a great pet and went from room to room whenever she wished. All the mice in the house were afraid of her. She had such sharp claws and teeth, and walked so softly, they couldn't even tell when she was coming.

One night the mice met in a dark pantry to talk about the cat. Old Father Sharp Eyes said, "We must think of a plan to get away from the cat. She has eaten two of my children, and she almost caught Mother Sharp Eyes. She will certainly eat us all. Not one will be left to tell the story, if we don't think of a plan to get away from her."

Then they all thought very hard. One mouse said one thing, and another mouse said another. At last smart Little Short Tail stood up and said, "Listen! All listen to my plan! You know we never hear the cat when she comes. That is why she catches us. We do not have time to run. Let's hang a bell around the cat's

neck. Then we can hear her and scamper for our lives."

"Good! good!" squeaked all the mice, little and big. "Nothing like hanging a bell around the cat's neck. Short Tail has thought of an excellent plan. We will certainly do it."

Just then old Jimmy Gray Back put his head on one side and looking out of the corner of his eye said, "Now, who will bell the cat?"

And the mice, one and all, little and big, said, "Yes, who will bell the cat? Who? Who?" But not one mouse squeaked nor winked an eye. Not one mouse was ready to bell the cat. No, not one.

FAREWELL TO THE FARM

THE coach is at the door at last;
The eager children, mounting fast
And kissing hands, in chorus sing:
Good-bye, good-bye to every-
thing!

To house and garden, field and
lawn,
The meadow-gates we swang upon,
To pump and stable, tree and swing,
Good-bye, good-bye to everything!

And fare you well for evermore,
O ladder at the hayloft door,
O hayloft where the cobwebs cling,
Good-bye, good-bye to everything!

Crack goes the whip, and off we go;
The trees and houses smaller grow;
Last, round the woody turn we swing:
Good-bye, good-bye to everything!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

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ALICE IN WONDERLAND

One summer day a little girl named Alice fell asleep in the garden, and had a very strange dream. She saw in her dream a dear little White Rabbit with pink eyes. He wore a brown coat and a blue vest, and was holding his watch in one hand and a butterfly net in the other.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I shall be too late," he said to himself, as he moved away very fast on his hind feet. Alice was filled with wonder at the sight, and rose up to go after him.

In a moment the White Rabbit popped down a rabbit hole. Alice went after him,

and found herself in a very dark place. All at once she found herself falling down, down, down into what seemed to be a very deep well. She thought she would never stop again, but at last she settled with a thump upon a pile of sticks and dry leaves. She was not hurt, and began at once to look about her. Then she saw the White Rabbit again, and jumped up to follow him. But he soon turned a corner and went out of sight.

Alice now looked about her, and found that she was in a long room lit by lamps which hung near the roof. There were doors all round the walls, but when she tried to open them she found that they were all locked.

Not far from her stood a small table made of glass, and upon this table lay a golden key. Alice took up the key and tried to open the doors in the walls, one after the other. But the key would not fit any of the locks. Then she saw a door which was almost covered by a curtain. She tried the key in that door, and found that she could turn the lock.

Then she opened the door, and saw a long passage which led to a lovely garden. But the passage was only high enough for a rabbit to go through. Alice felt very sad, and put the key back on the table. She now saw a small bottle on the table. It had a slip of paper tied to the neck, on which were the words, "DRINK ME." Alice took out the cork and drank all that was in the bottle. At once she began to grow less and less and less, until she was only about ten inches high.

She was now of the right size to go down the passage. So she went back for the key. But she was now too small to reach up to the table. "What shall I do now?" she said.

All at once she saw a box under the glass table. She opened it, and found a cake on which were the words, "EAT ME." This she did, and at once began to grow taller and taller, until she was more than nine feet high.

She could now reach the key, but when she opened the door she could not go down the passage. So she sat down and cried until there was a pool of tears all round her.

After a time the White Rabbit came by, with a pair of white gloves in one hand and a fan in the other.

"If you please, sir," said Alice; but she said no more, for the White Rabbit got such a fright that he dropped the fan and the gloves and ran away. Alice

picked up the fan and began to fan herself. As she did so, she found that she was growing smaller again. Smaller and smaller she grew, until she feared she would grow into nothing. But when she threw away the fan she stopped.

She was now small enough to go down the passage, but as she looked round for the key she fell into a pool of water. This was the pool of tears that she had made. As she swam about in it, she met a dear little mouse who was also swimming. "Let us get to shore," he said.

It was time they did, for the pool was now full of animals. There were a Duck and a Dodo,

a Lory and an Eagle, and many other strange creatures. All were very wet and very cross when they got to shore.

"The best way to get dry," said the Dodo, "is to have a race."

So they all stood in a ring. Then they started and ran about where they liked for half an hour. At last the Dodo cried, "The race

is over. Who has won?" "Who has won?" they cried in chorus.

"We have all won," said the Dodo, after thinking for a long time, "so we must all have prizes."

"But who is to give the prizes?" they all asked.

"Why, *she,* of course," said the Dodo, pointing to Alice; and the whole party crowded round her, calling out, "Prizes! prizes!"

Alice had no idea what to do, but she felt in her pocket and found a box of sweets. There was just one for each of them, but none for herself.

"What else have you got?" asked the Dodo.

"A thimble," said Alice.

"Then I will give you that as your prize," said the Dodo. Alice thought this very odd; but as everything was odd down there, she bowed as she took her prize, and tried not to laugh.

LEWIS CARROLL.

(Adapted from "Alice in Wonderland.")

THE ELF AND THE DORMOUSE

Under a toadstool crept a wee Elf,
Out of the rain, to shelter himself.

Under the toadstool sound asleep,
Sat a big Dormouse all in a heap.

Trembled the wee Elf, frightened, and yet,
Fearing to fly away lest he get wet.

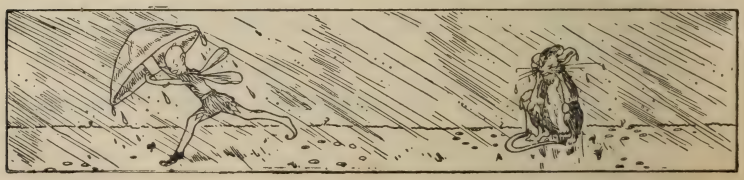
To the next shelter—maybe a mile!
Sudden the wee Elf smiled a wee smile.

Tugged till the toadstool toppled in two,
Holding it over him, gaily he flew.

Soon he was safe home, dry as could be.
Soon woke the Dormouse—"Good gracious me!

Where is my toadstool?" Loud he lamented,
—And that's how umbrellas first were invented.

Oliver Herford.



THE PLOUGHMAN

To and fro, this autumn day,
See the ploughman take his way,
Guiding with a steady hand
Patient horses o'er the land.

Blessings on their noble toil!
Blessings on the fruitful soil!
For our bread they labor now,
Man and horses at the plough.

On they toil till set of sun,
Then the ploughman's work is done;
Like the waves upon the sea
Are the furrows on the lea.

Soon the sower wide shall fling
Seeds that sleep until the spring;

Winter, when the wild winds blow,
Wraps them in a robe of snow.

But the sunshine and the rain
Wake them into life again ;
Then the thankful fields are seen
Bright with blades of shining green.

Through long days of summer heat
Upward shoots the growing wheat,
Waving pennons free and fair
In the scented July air ;

Till, to crown the circling year,
Golden harvest doth appear.
Bind the sheaves and fill the wain ;
Blessings on the goodly grain !

EDWARD SHIRLEY.

THE JACK-O'-LANTERN

The children had been working busily all day helping their father and mother with the harvesting. The nuts had to be gathered and stored away, the pumpkins and corn put into the barn, and the apples cut, strung, and hung up to dry. After supper all the family except the father gathered round the big fireplace in the kitchen. He had gone to help a neighbor.

"Let us string a few more apples," said Effie; "father filled the baskets again this afternoon."

"Oh no," said Bob; "let us make a jack-o'-lantern. I found a big yellow pumpkin, and father said I might have it."

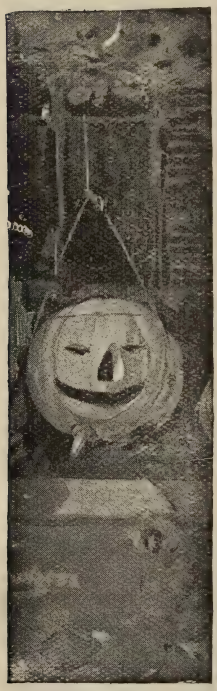
"Yes, yes," cried all the children, "let us make a jack-o'-lantern!" and they watched with eager interest while Bob cut off the top of the pumpkin and scooped out the seeds.

"Now make two big eyes," said Effie; and Bob cut two round holes in the rind. Then he cut a long, narrow opening.

"What a big mouth!" said Patience.

"The better to eat you with, my dear," said one of the boys, as Bob added a nose and two ears.

"Mother! mother! may we have a candle? Our lantern is finished," cried the children at last.



Mrs. Moore found a bit of candle, and they fastened it into the pumpkin and lighted it. How the big eyes glared and the mouth grinned! Truly it was an ugly face.

Just then a man came riding by. "The Indians! the Indians!" he cried. "They are coming up from the swamp. There is not time for you to go to the blockhouse."

"Take the children, mother," said Bob, "and hide them in the loft. Arthur and I will stay here and watch for the Indians, and perhaps father will come soon to help us."

In a moment the children were hidden, the

fire was covered, and the boys were peering out into the darkness. "Look! look!" whispered Arthur. "There is a shadow behind that tree. I think it is an Indian." Then, as he saw the shadow move, he spoke again. "Let us try to scare him, Bob. The jack-o'-lantern! Quick!"

The jack-o'-lantern was lighted and was set in the window. It moved its head from side to side. It glared and stared into the night. It disappeared and appeared again. The Indian saw its shining eyes and its grinning mouth, and he fled through the woods in terror. "The Fire-spirit! the Fire-spirit!" he called to his comrades; and they hurried back to the swamp.

All night long Bob kept the jack-o'-lantern in the window. The Indians never dared to return to the abode of the Great Fire-spirit.

HOW THE LITTLE KITE LEARNED TO FLY

"I NEVER can do it," the little kite said,
As he looked at the others high over his head;

"I know I should fall if I tried to fly."
"Try," said the big kite; "only try!
Or I fear you never will learn at all."
But the little kite said, "I'm afraid I'll fall."

The big kite nodded: "Ah, well, good-bye;
I'm off;" and he rose towards the tranquil sky.
Then the little kite's paper stirred at the sight,
And trembling he shook himself free for flight.
First whirling and frightened, then braver grown,
Up, up he rose through the air alone,
Till the big kite looking down could see
The little one rising steadily.

Then how the little kite thrilled with pride,
As he sailed with the big kite side by side!
While far below he could see the ground,
And the boys like small spots moving round.

They rested high in the quiet air,
And only the birds and clouds were there.
"Oh, how happy I am!" the little kite cried;
"And all because I was brave, and tried."

NING-TING

Away over in an eastern country called China lives such a funny little boy named Ning-Ting. He is a Chinese boy and does not wear his hair all cropped short as you do, but it is shaved off his head, all but a little piece at the back, and that is plaited into a "pig-tail." Then, instead of wearing a light little "jersey" or coat, like the boys here, he puts on over his baggy little trousers what you would call a blue shirt, and on his feet are such queer, tiny shoes, turned up at the toes.

Ning-Ting was sitting at the table eating his supper of rice, not with a spoon, but with two little sticks made of bone, called "chop-sticks." He was very sleepy, and every now and then his head nodded forward, and his mother called, "Ning-Ting, Ning-Ting, wake up and eat your supper." "I am not asleep, mother," answered Ning-Ting. "I was only thinking." Now I shall tell you what Ning-Ting was thinking about.

Next door to Ning-Ting lived his uncle, Pon-ge-wan-ge, and his little boy, Ning-Ting's cousin, Foo-Choo. Uncle Pon-ge-wan-ge was the owner of a little shop. He had all kinds of pretty fans and jars for sale. When Foo-Choo's birthday came, he gave him a very large kite made of colored paper, and with a long, long tail. Ning-Ting and Foo-Choo had such fun with it on windy days; away up in the clouds it would fly, and on very windy days both boys had to hold on to the stick.

But Ning-Ting kept thinking how very nice it would be if he could only have the kite all to himself; and one windy day when Uncle Pon-ge-wan-ge and Foo-Choo were away on a visit, Ning-Ting climbed over the fence into Foo-Choo's yard. Going on tiptoe across the yard, he went inside the shed and up the ladder to the hayloft, where he knew the kite was kept. Just as he was tiptoeing across the floor, he heard a *thump, thump.* Ning-Ting jumped and looked around with eyes of terror; it was only the cat—but you know a little *voice* inside of

Ning-Ting kept telling him he was doing something wrong.

But although he was frightened, Ning-Ting did not listen to the little *voice;* and, taking up the kite, he carried it carefully down the ladder, across the yard, and over the fence into his own yard. Then holding tightly on to the stick, he let the kite go, and away it went, swinging gracefully with its long tail, higher and higher and higher, until all the string was untwined from the stick, and then Ning-Ting could feel the kite pulling him off his feet. He thought this good fun, and as the kite pulled him he went up and down on his heels and toes. "I do believe if I let myself go the kite would lift me up on top of the shed," he said to himself. And, yes, it was true. As soon as he stopped pulling, the kite lifted him right up on top of the shed.

Just then Ning-Ting heard voices, and looking down into the next yard he saw Uncle Ponge-wan-ge and Foo-Choo. He was so frightened that he let the kite pull him away to the top of

the poplar tree; and Uncle Pon-ge-wan-ge and Foo-Choo, looking up, wondered what kind of a queer bird was on top of the tree. Ning-Ting saw them looking, and, grasping the stick tightly when the next gust of wind came, allowed the kite to pull him away—up, up, up, to the clouds.

Poor Ning-Ting dared not look down. And as it was just about sunset, it began to grow dark, and he could feel something crawling up his back like a snake. It was only his pig-tail after all; and just then a large, round yellow face loomed up—the Man in the Moon. "Halloo, how did you get here?" he cried to Ning-Ting. "The kite brought me," said Ning-Ting. "Oh, did it?" said the Man in the Moon; "and pray whose kite is it—yours?" "No-oo-oo," said poor Ning-Ting, and then he began to cry. "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo, boo-hoo, I want to go home! I want to go home!" "Oh, do you?" said the Man in the Moon, and, taking out a large knife, he cut the string of the kite, and with a *thump* and a *bang* down came Ning-Ting to earth again.

Just then he heard some one calling, "Ning-

Ting, Ning-Ting, wake up, wake up, you have fallen out of your chair." And Ning-Ting found himself on the floor, with his mother bending over him. "The Man in the Moon, he cut the string; the Man in the Moon, he cut the string," he mumbled. "Oh, Ning-Ting, you have been dreaming," said his mother. "Come, and I shall help you to bed." And I think Ning-Ting was glad it was all a dream; don't you?

MAUDE ELIZABETH PATERSON.

(From a "Child's Garden of Stories."
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THE SLEEPY SONG

As soon as the fire burns red and low
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader, nose and tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON.

SQUIRREL WISDOM

As I was walking through the early October woods one day, I came upon a place where the ground was covered with very large chestnut burrs. They were unopened.

On looking at them I found every burr had been cut square off, with an inch of stem still left. Not one had been left on the tree. It was not accident, then, but some one had planned it. Who could it have been?

The fruit was the finest I had ever seen in the wood. Some wise squirrel had marked it for his own. The burrs were ripe and had just begun to divide.

The squirrel that had taken all this pains must have said to himself, "Now these are very

fine chestnuts, and I want them. If I wait till the burrs ripen on the trees, then the crows and the jays will be sure to carry off many of the nuts before they fall. Then after the wind has rattled out what are left, there are the mice, the chipmunks, and the red squirrels, to say nothing of the boys, to come in for their share.

"So I will hurry up things a little. I will cut off the burrs when they are large enough. A few of these dry October days wi l make every one of them open on the ground. I shall be on hand in the nick of time to gather up the best of the nuts."

JOHN BURROUGHS.

HARVEST SONG

Summer is gone, autumn is here,
This is the harvest for all the year.
Corn in the crib, oats in the bin,
Wheat is all threshed, barley drawn in.

Carrots in cellars, beets by their side;
Full is the hayloft—what fun to hide!
Apples are barrelled, nuts laid to dry,
Frost on the garden—winter is nigh.

Father in heaven, I thank Thee for all—
Winter and spring-time, summer and fall,
All Thine own gifts to Thee we bring;
Help us to praise Thee, our heavenly King.

Lydia A. Coonley.

James Watt and the Tea-Kettle.—*Marcus Stone, R.A.*

JAMES WATT AND THE TEA-KETTLE

Long ago in Scotland a boy sat by the fire one day watching the tea-kettle. A thin cloud of steam was rising from the spout, and soon the cover began to rattle. He took off the cover, but inside he saw nothing but boiling water. "What can it be that makes the cover rattle?" he said to himself. He held a dry cup above the cloud of steam to see what would happen, and very soon there were some drops of water in the cup. All this was very strange, and for some time the boy sat still wondering about it.

Suddenly he heard his aunt saying, "James Watt, I never saw such an idle boy. Take a book, or employ yourself usefully. For the last hour you have not spoken one word, but have only taken off the lid of that kettle and put it on again. Are you not ashamed of spending your time in that way?" But the boy was not so idle as his aunt thought, neither was he wasting his time.

Even when he was very small, James Watt liked to play with tools. With a set of small

tools given him by his father, he made so many useful articles that his neighbors used to say, "Jamie has a fortune at his finger ends."

When he was seventeen years old, he had to begin earning his living. He left home and went to London. As there were no steam engines or trains in those days, and he had to travel on horseback, it took him twelve days to reach the city. There he remained for a year, working and studying, and at the end of that time he returned home. As he could not afford to remain idle, he opened a shop, where he made and repaired all sorts of things—spectacles, fiddles, fishing-rods, and even organs.

But all this time he had not forgotten the steam in the tea-kettle. He felt certain that if steam could make the cover rattle on a kettle, it could do many other things. At that time men knew very little about the power of steam. They did not know how to use it to run engines, or do any other work. But James Watt had made up his mind to try to make an engine that would run by steam.

For eight years he worked on his engine. He read every book that would help him to understand steam. He was poor, and so had to keep on working in his little shop in order to earn money, but all his spare time was given up to the one purpose. Year after year things seemed to go wrong, but he tried and tried again.

Finally the engine was ready for trial, and men came from all over the country to see it working. It was used to pump water out of a mine, and it did its work well. James Watt had succeeded at last. The engine made a very loud noise, but the people seemed to like this. "If the engine were not noisy," they said, "how could it be expected to do the work?"

Steam has done a great deal of work since James Watt made the first engine. Think of the great steam engines that make it easy and pleasant to travel. Think of the houses that are made warm and comfortable by steam heat. Then remember that before James Watt no one knew how to make use of steam. Was he wasting his time when he sat and watched the tea-kettle?

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy who was half-past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She couldn't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he,
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played, I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was Hide-and-Go-Seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be,
With an old, old, old, old lady
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding
In guesses One, Two, Three.

"You are in the china closet!"
He would cry, and laugh with glee.
It wasn't the china closet;
But he still had Two and Three.

"You are up in Papa's big bedroom
In the chest with the queer old key!"
And she said: "You are warm and warmer,
But you're not quite right," said she.

"It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be,
So it must be in the clothes-press, Gran'ma;"
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding
With a One, and a Two, and a Three.

And they never stirred from their places
Right under the maple tree—
This old, old, old, old lady
And the boy with the lame little knee,
This dear, dear, dear, dear lady
And the boy that was half-past three.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER.

(*By permission of the Century Company.*)

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

A CERTAIN man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead.

And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side.

And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.

But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. And went to him, and

bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him.

And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee.

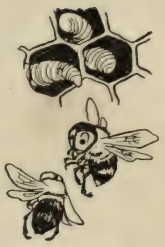
Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

THE BIBLE.

THE HONEY-BEE'S SONG

I AM a honey-bee
Buzzing away
Over the blossoms
The long summer day;
Now in the lily cup
Drinking my fill,
Now where the roses bloom
Under the hill.
Gaily we fly,
My fellows and I,
Seeking for honey our hives to supply.

No idle moments
Have we through the day,
No idle moments
For sleep or for play ;
Summer is flying,
And we must take care
Food for the winter
At once to prepare.
Bees in a hive
Are up and alive ;
Lazy folks never can prosper or thrive.



Awake, little children !
No harvest for those
Who waste their best hours
In lazy repose ;
Come out (to the morning
All bright things belong),
And listen awhile
To the honey-bee's song—
Merrily singing,
Busily ringing,
Back to the hive with the store we are bringing.

WEIGHING AN ELEPHANT

THERE was once a king in the far East who had a tame elephant of which he was very fond. One day it happened that the king was in great danger, and the elephant saved his life. Wishing to do something to show his thankfulness, he decided to give a large sum of money to the poor people of the country. As he wished to do honor at the same time to the elephant, he announced that his gift would be as much silver as would equal the weight of his huge favorite.

Now this was a great gift, indeed. But how was it possible to weigh the elephant? No one in the world had ever done such a thing. There were no weighing machines large enough. What was to be done?

The wise men of the court thought and thought. After they had thought as hard as they could, they all shook their heads; they did not know how to weigh an elephant. Then they sent to the countries round about and asked if any wise man could tell them. But no one could.

They were about to give up in despair, when a poor sailor in the king's own country thought of a way out of the difficulty.

The sailor built a boat, very large and strong. When it was finished, he tied it close to the shore and laid strong planks across from the land, so that he could walk back and forth. Then he went to the king. "May I drive the elephant down to the shore?" he asked. "I think I can show you how to weigh him." The king thought this very strange, but he said, "You may try."

A curious crowd soon gathered to watch the attempt to weigh the elephant, but the sailor was not disturbed by their cries and jeers. He drove the elephant down to the shore, across the strong planks, and into the boat. When the boat began to sink lower in the water with the weight of the elephant, the people began to cry out, "The elephant will drown! The elephant will drown! Make him bring the elephant back!" But the sailor said nothing.

He waited quietly while the boat settled

down into the water. Before long it stopped sinking, and then he let the elephant come back to the land. As soon as the weight of the huge beast was removed, the boat rose in the water, and the people saw that the outside was wet for some distance above the water-line. This

showed just how far the boat had sunk while the elephant was in it. Around the outside of the boat, at the place where the wet mark of the water stopped, the sailor very carefully drew a white line. Then he turned to the king's servants who stood near, and said, "Go and fetch the silver and make ready to weigh it."

The servants obeyed, while all the people laughed heartily at this sailor who was doing such strange things. But the sailor took no notice of their laughter. When the bags of silver were brought, he told the servants to load them on the boat. As the bags were placed in position, the boat began to sink down in the water as before. Lower and lower it sank, as the great piles of silver grew. "Hold," said the sailor at last, and he pointed to the outside of the boat. The white mark had sunk again to the water's edge.

In the boat lay the king's gift to the poor people of his country—as much silver as would equal the weight of his favorite elephant.

WHERE GO THE BOATS?

DARK brown is the river,
Golden is the sand;
It flows along for ever,
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,
Castles of the foam;
Boats of mine a-boating—
Where will all come home?

On goes the river,
And out past the mill,
Away down the valley,
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,
A hundred miles or more,
Other little children
Shall bring my boats ashore.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(*By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.*)

MERCURY AND THE WOODMEN

Characters

Honest Woodman *Dishonest Woodman*
Mercury

Scene I

Place—A River Bank Time—Noon

Woodman (*felling a tree*). One more tree to hew and my day's work will be done. Down you go, old giant! one, two, three! Ah, that was a bad stroke! (*Drops axe, which falls into river.*)

My axe! my axe! Is it really gone? My faithful axe which alone kept me from starvation. What shall I do?

Enter Mercury

Mercury. What is the cause of your grief, my friend? Can I help you?

Woodman. Oh, if you only could! I have lost my good axe. It was my best friend, and without it I must starve, for I have no money with which to buy another.

Mercury. Cheer up, friend, and I will see what I can do? Where did your axe fall?

Woodman. It fell from my hand at this very spot, and I saw it sink deep into the water.

Mercury (*dives and reappears with a golden axe*). Is this your axe, my friend?

Woodman. Alas! no! my axe was not nearly so fine.

Mercury. Then I must try again. (*Dives and brings up a silver axe.*) This surely must be yours?

Woodman. Oh no! indeed it is not, kind stranger. Mine was a common woodman's axe, but I ask for nothing better.

Mercury. You shall have your axe, friend, if it is possible to obtain. (*Dives and reappears with axe.*) Ah, I see by your face that I have succeeded.

Woodman (*seizing axe*). Yes! ah yes; this is my axe. Thank you a hundred times. How can I repay you?

Mercury. I ask no payment. You are an honest man, and, as such men are rare, I give you for your own the gold and silver axes. You need fear poverty no more. Farewell, friend.

[*Exit Mercury.*

Woodman. It must have been one of the gods. I can hardly believe in my good fortune. I must hasten to my friends with the news.

CURTAIN

Scene II

Place—The same Time—An hour later

Dishonest Woodman. This must be the place my comrade described. All I have to do is to drop my axe into the water and call upon Mercury to help me, for Mercury it surely was who helped him. (*Drops axe into water.*) Oh,

my axe is gone! What shall I do? Will no one help me?

Enter Mercury

Mercury. Who calls? What is your trouble, my man?

Dishonest Woodman. While hewing yonder tree I made a mis-step and dropped my axe into the water. Without it I must starve. Alas! alas! I am indeed an unlucky man.

Mercury. Perhaps I can help you. Wait here and I will dive for your axe. (*Dives, bringing up a golden axe.*) Is this your axe?

Dishonest Woodman (*snatching axe*). Yes! yes! that is mine, indeed it is.

Mercury (*taking axe*). Not so fast, my man! You are a dishonest rogue, and you shall receive your reward. This axe goes back to the river to join yours, for which you may dive yourself if you choose. Farewell! [*Exit Mercury.*

Dishonest Woodman. Oh, woe is me! How can I face my comrades without even my own old axe. Alas! alas! it is I who have played the fool.

CURTAIN

Return to Harbor.—*Haquette*

THE SAND CASTLE

The tide is out, and all the strand
  Is glistening in the summer sun;
Let's build a castle of the sand—
  Oh! will not that be glorious fun?

With walls and outworks wide and steep,
  All round about we'll dig a moat,
And in the midst shall be the keep,
  Where England's flag may proudly float.

And where a drawbridge ought to be,
  We'll make a causeway to the shore,

Well paved with stones, for you and me
To get to land when tempests roar.

We'll sit within our citadel,
And watch the tide come o'er the rocks;
But we have built it strong and well;
It will not fall for common shocks.

The moat may fill, the waves may beat,
We watch the siege all undismayed,
Because, you know, we can retreat
Along the causeway we have made.

"Haul down your flag!" "Oh, no!" we shout,
Our drums and trumpets heard afar—
The castle sinks; but we march out
With all the honors of the war.

ANONYMOUS.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

NEAR the little town of Zutphen, in Holland, a great battle had been fought. Many men were killed, and many more were wounded. The suffering of the dying men was very great.

Among those who suffered most was good Sir Philip Sidney. After he was wounded, some of his friends carried him gently to a quiet place. There they laid him down to die.

As he was being carried off the field he complained of thirst, and one of the men ran

to get him a cup of water. As he raised the cup to his lips, a poor soldier who was lying near gazed with longing eyes at the water. He too was in great pain and suffered with thirst, but no one had time to attend to him.

When Sidney noticed this poor soldier, he was filled with pity. Instead of drinking the water, he held the cup towards him, saying, "Drink this. Thy necessity is greater than mine."

GOLDEN-ROD

Spring is the morning of the year,
And summer is the noontide bright;
The autumn is the evening clear
That comes before the winter's night.

And in the evening, everywhere
Along the roadside, up and down,
I see the golden torches flare
Like lighted street lamps in the town.

I think the butterfly and bee,
From distant meadows coming back,
Are quite contented when they see
These lamps along the homeward track.

But those who stay too late get lost;
For when the darkness falls about,
Down every lighted street the Frost
Will go and put the torches out!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

(*By permission of the Houghton Mifflin Company.*)

HOW THE INDIANS GOT THE CORN

When Hiawatha was a boy, his great wish was to be a hunter. When he grew to be a man, he had another wish, a greater and nobler one; and he prayed to the Great Spirit, asking that this wish might be granted. He did not want to be a hunter, or to win battles, or to have a great name; he wanted to do good. He wished to help his people, so that they might not have to work too hard for their daily food.

He built a lodge far away from his wigwam, and there he prayed and fasted seven days and nights, taking no food the whole time.

On the first day of his fasting he sat watching the birds in the trees. "Is there no other way of getting food than by killing these birds?" he thought sadly. "It is so uncertain to come out each day on the chance of finding a bird. Suppose the birds all flew away! What should we do for food then?" Then he cried to the Great Spirit, "Master of Life, must our lives depend on the lives of these birds?"

The second day of his fasting he walked by the river and saw the wild fruits growing on the bushes. Sadly he thought to himself, "If there were no wild fruits growing here, we should starve. Must our lives depend on wild fruits? Is there nothing we can do to make sure of plenty of food? Surely nobody ought to starve."

On the fourth day of his fasting he lay faint and tired in his lonely lodge. Then he saw, as it seemed to him, a lovely youth dressed in green and yellow. Green plumes waved before his forehead, and his hair was the color of gold. This was Mondamin, the friend of man; but Hiawatha had never seen him till now.

Mondamin told Hiawatha that his prayers would be heard, but that they two must first wrestle together. Faint and weary though he was, Hiawatha sprang up. The two strove together for many hours. The sun set in the west, and the more the two struggled the stronger grew Hiawatha.

"So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset,

"*This was Mondamin, the friend of man*" (p. 60)

And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha,
Till the darkness fell around them.
'It is enough!' then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha;
'But to-morrow, when the sun sets,
I will come again to try you.'"

Three times after that Mondamin came to try Hiawatha's strength, and the third time he said, "You have done well, Hiawatha. To-morrow will be the last day of our struggle, and the Great Spirit will give you strength to overcome me.

"When I am dead, strip off my garments and my plumes, and bury me in the earth in some spot where the rain can fall and the sun can shine upon me. Then spread some earth over me, letting it lie loosely. See that no weeds grow over me, and no birds come to peck at me. Watch over me yourself, and, some day when the sun shines, I shall spring up from my bed and live again."

Hiawatha listened carefully to Mondamin's

words, and, when he was left alone once more, he slept peacefully and happily.

The next day Hiawatha waited quietly for the coming of Mondamin. At last, towards evening, he appeared. Hiawatha was so weak that he could scarcely rise from his bed, but he got up, and the two began to wrestle.

After a while Hiawatha felt Mondamin slip, and in a moment he lay dead. Hiawatha took off the clothing and plumes and made a grave in the ground, as he had been commanded. Then he put Mondamin into the grave, covering him lightly with earth.

When this had been done, Hiawatha went home to his wigwam, but he did not forget the grave of Mondamin. Every day he went to watch beside it and took out all the weeds that began to grow there. He kept the earth soft and light, just as Mondamin had told him.

At last, after days of careful watching, he saw a small green shoot peeping above the ground. It grew slowly upwards. Soon another and another and another shoot appeared,

until the whole plot of earth was covered with green shoots like heavy grass blades. As the days passed on, these green blades grew taller and taller. By the time summer was nearly over, they had turned into a field of maize or Indian corn.

When Hiawatha saw the maize, his heart was very glad, and he thought of the green robes of the youth with whom he had wrestled. "This is Mondamin!" he cried joyfully; "this is the friend of man!"

> "Till at length a small green feather
> From the earth shot slowly upward,
> And before the summer ended
> Stood the maize in all its beauty,
> With its shining robes about it,
> And its long, soft yellow tresses;
> And in rapture Hiawatha
> Cried aloud, 'It is Mondamin—
> Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!'"

Hiawatha called his friends to see the corn, and told them how the Great Spirit had given him the victory over Mondamin, and how this

gift of food had been sent by the Great Spirit to all the tribes, to be theirs for evermore.

When the autumn came, the corn grew hard in the husks. Then Hiawatha picked the ears, and took the maize and ground it into flour. He made a great feast and called it the feast of Mondamin. Then he told the people that he would teach them how to plant the corn and make it grow, so that in time to come there should be plenty of food for all.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven ;
I've said my "seven times" over and over—
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old I can write a letter ;
My birthday lessons are done ;
The lambs play always, they know no better—
They are only one times one.

O moon, in the night I have seen you sailing,
And shining so round and low ;

You were bright, ah bright! but your light
is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong
in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powdered your legs with gold!
O brave marsh marybuds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoo-pint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones
in it,
I will not steal them away;
I am old, you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

JEAN INGELOW.

A STORY OF FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

When Florence Nightingale was a very little girl, and living in a village in Derbyshire, everybody noticed how kind she was to other people and to animals. Every person and every animal loved her; she even made friends with the shy squirrels.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. One day Florence was out riding with a friend, and she saw Roger feeding his sheep. But Cap was not there, and the sheep were running about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask the shepherd what had become of his dog. "Oh," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me. He will have to be killed."

"Killed!" said Florence. "O Roger, how wicked of you to say so! What has poor old Cap done?"

"*He* has done nothing," replied Roger; "but a cruel boy threw a stone at him yesterday and

broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

Florence and her friend rode on to the shepherd's cottage and went in to see the poor dog. When the little girl called him "poor Cap," he began to wag his tail. Then he crawled from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while her friend examined the injured leg.

The leg was badly swollen, and it hurt him very much to have it touched; but though he moaned with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him, for he knew that it was meant kindly. "It's only a bad bruise—no bones broken," said Florence's friend. "Rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" said Florence. "But can we do nothing for him? he seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to bathe his leg would both ease the pain and help to cure him."

Florence lighted the fire, got ready some hot water, and began to bathe the poor dog's leg. It was not long before he began to feel less pain, and he tried to show his thanks by his looks and by wagging his tail.

On their way back they met the old shepherd coming slowly homewards. "O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to lose poor old Cap. His leg is not broken after all."—"Well, I am very glad to hear it," said the old man; "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap's leg, and she found it much better.

The following day she bathed it again, and in two or three days the old dog was able to look after the flock again.

This happened many years ago, and that kind-hearted little girl grew up to be the kindest and bravest of women. She spent her youth in learning how to nurse the sick, and how to manage hospitals.

During the Crimean War she went out to the front at the head of a band of trained nurses to take care of the wounded soldiers, who were suffering greatly for want of proper care and good hospitals. She soon had ten thousand sick men to look after, and she could scarcely find time for rest or sleep. Her heroic example led many other women to come forward and help in the work.

Her whole life was nobly spent in helping the sick, and especially those who were poor. She did a great deal to improve the hospitals, and generously spent a large sum of money, given to her by the nation, in founding the Nightingale Training Home for Nurses.

Shoeing the Bay Mare.—*Landseer*

She lived long to enjoy the love and admiration of the people, and died in 1910 at the age of ninety.

THE LOBSTER QUADRILLE

"Will you walk a little faster?" said a whiting to a snail,
"There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.
See how eagerly the lobsters and the turtles all advance!
They are waiting on the shingle—will you come and join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?

"You can really have no notion how delightful it will be
When they take us up and throw us, with the lobsters, out to sea!"

But the snail replied, "Too far, too far!" and
gave a look askance—
Said he thanked the whiting kindly, but he
would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
would not join the dance.
Would not, could not, would not, could not,
could not join the dance.

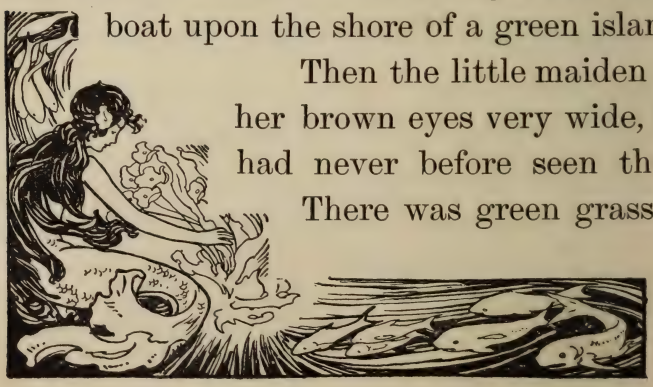
"What matters it how far we go?" his scaly
friend replied;
"There is another shore, you know, upon the
other side.
The farther off from England the nearer is to
France—
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and
join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will
you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't
you join the dance?"

LEWIS CARROLL.
(*From "Alice in Wonderland."*)

THE SUNFLOWER

CLYTIE was a sea maiden, so the old Greek stories tell us. She lived at the bottom of the ocean. The white sea sand was her carpet, a beautiful shell was her bed, and the seaweed was her pillow.

One morning Clytie arose, put on her moss-green dress, and went to ride in her sea-shell boat. A pair of fishes drew her over the beautiful sea bottom. They swam round rocks with sharp, ragged edges, and they passed through forests of sea-weed and coral. Indeed, so long and pleasant was the ride that she fell asleep, and she did not awaken until a big wave rolled her boat upon the shore of a green island.



Then the little maiden opened her brown eyes very wide, for she had never before seen the land. There was green grass at her

feet, and such flowers as never grew in her garden at the bottom of the deep sea. In the trees were birds whose songs sounded sweeter than the music of the waves that had so often lulled her to sleep.

Across the blue sky rode the Sun king in a chariot which shone like blazing gold. Clytie saw that all living things looked up and smiled

when the golden chariot rolled above the earth. "Oh, that I were a land child!" she said; "then I too might gaze upon the Sun king the whole day long."

Day after day the sea maiden came to the island. There she stood hour after hour, watching the bright Sun king until his golden chariot sank into the western sea.

But one evening Clytie found that she could

not move. Behold, she was no longer a maid of the sea. Her dress was but a slender green stalk with dark green leaves. Her yellow hair had become a circle of golden petals. From their midst looked out the brown eyes of Clytie, no longer a sea maiden, but a beautiful Sunflower with its face turned towards the sun.

LITTLE THINGS

A LITTLE spring had lost its way
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well
Where weary men might turn.

He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But hoped that some might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

CHARLES MACKAY.

THE WEDDING OF ALLAN-A-DALE

One day when Robin Hood was walking through the wood, he met a gay young knight. The knight was dressed in scarlet satin and wore a hat decked with feathers. He held his head erect and walked with a light and joyous step. As he walked, he sang a merry song. Robin wondered who he could be.

The next day Little John and Much, the tallest and shortest of Robin Hood's band, went out for a walk. It was very funny to see those two together. Little John was seven feet high, and very straight and strong. Much was scarcely five, and very broad and dumpy.

As they walked along, they met the very knight that Robin had seen the day before. But how different he looked! It was not easy to believe that he was the same man. He was dressed in dull gray. His head hung down, and he moved his feet as if they were made of lead So sad was he, that he did not see Little John and Much until they were close upon him.

Then he would have drawn his bow and arrows to shoot at them, but they were too quick for him. Seizing him by the arms they led him before Robin Hood, who was sitting under his great oak tree.

Robin rose, bowed to him, and bade him welcome to the Green Wood. Then he asked if the stranger had any money to spare for Robin Hood and his Merry Men. "I have no money," the young man said, "but five shillings, and a ring, and I have kept that for my wedding for seven long years."

When Robin heard that the knight was so poor, he was very sorry for him, and asked him to sit down and tell him how that was, and why he was so sad. So with many a sigh the poor young man told his tale.

"My name is Allan-a-Dale," he said. "Seven years ago I fell in love with the most beautiful lady in all the world. She loved me too, and we were very happy. But her father was very angry. I was poor, and he said we were too young to marry. He promised that if we would

wait seven years and a day we should then be married.

"The seven years are over, and yesterday should have been our wedding day. I went to claim my bride. But alas! the old knight said his daughter was not for such a poor man as I. To-morrow she is to be married to another. He is old and ugly, but he has a great deal of money. So I have lost my love, and my heart is broken." Then poor Allan-a-Dale dropped his head in his hands and groaned aloud.

"Nay," said Robin, "do not grieve so. A maiden who thus changes her mind is not worth so much sorrow."

But Allan-a-Dale shook his head. "Alas!" he sighed. "She loves me still. It is the old knight, her father, who forces her to do this thing."

"What will you give me if I help you to win her?" asked Robin Hood.

"Why," said Allan, "I have no gold. But if you will bring my true love back to me, I swear to serve you for ever and a day. I cannot

shoot so far or as straight as your good men, but I can make and sing sweet songs and play upon the harp."

Robin was very glad when he heard that. He clapped Allan on the shoulder and told him to cheer up. "For," said he, "to-morrow is your wedding day." Then he asked how far it was to the church where this wedding was to take place. Allan told him that it was to be at the Dale Abbey, not more than five miles distant.

Very early next morning Robin Hood rose. He dressed himself like an old harper, and, taking a harp, set off for Dale Abbey. He left orders with Little John that he was to follow with twenty-four good men all dressed in Lincoln green. Also he was to bring with him Friar Tuck and Allan-a-Dale.

When Robin Hood reached the Abbey, he went inside and sat down behind a big pillar not far from the altar. Soon the wedding guests began to arrive. There were a great many lovely ladies in beautiful dresses. They came

"I am Robin Hood" (p. 83)

in rustling in silk and laces, nodding and smiling to each other.

At last the bridegroom came. Silence fell upon the church as he entered—so old and ugly as he was, older and uglier even than Robin had expected. He was dressed, too, in a suit of white satin, which helped to make him look more aged and withered.

Suddenly there was a little stir at the great west door. All heads were turned. The bride had arrived. She was so beautiful. With slow steps she came, leaning on her father's arm. Her face was sad, her eyes cast down. Pale as any lily, she came, robed in shimmering white satin. Round her white throat and in her golden hair wonderful pearls gleamed in the dim light. If the bridegroom was more ugly than Robin had expected, the bride was far more beautiful.

They reached the altar rails, and the bishop opened his book to begin the service.

At that moment Robin sprang from behind the pillar and stood beside the bride. "Stop!"

he cried. "I do not like this wedding. The bridegroom is too old and ugly for such a lovely bride."

The ladies screamed, and at once the whole church was in a stir.

"Who are you who thus disturbs the peace of our holy service?" asked the bishop.

"I am Robin Hood," replied he, throwing off his harper's dress and putting his horn to his lips.

When they heard that, every one stopped screaming and pressed forward, trying to catch sight of the wonderful man of whom they had heard so much.

Then four-and-twenty bold bowmen came leaping into the church, and the first man to give Robin his bow was Allan-a-Dale.

"Now," said Robin, "seeing we have all come to church, it is a pity there should be no wedding. Let the lady choose which she will have of all these fine men."

The lady's face was no longer pale, but dainty pink like the inside of a shell. She raised her eyes and saw that Allan-a-Dale was standing

beside her. She put out her hand timidly and slipped it into his.

"Now," said Robin, "the lady has chosen. We can have the wedding. Sir Bishop, do thy duty."

"Nay, but I will not," said the bishop.

"If you will not, we must get some one else," said Robin. "Come along, Friar Tuck."

Friar Tuck then began the marriage service. "Who gives this maiden to be married?"

"I do," said Robin.

The lady's father would have liked to cry out and stop the wedding, but he could not. Two of Robin's men held him tight and kept their hands over his mouth, so that he could not make a sound. The beautiful lady and Allan-a-Dale were married, and went to live with Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest.

The wedding was long talked about. Those who were there said it was the prettiest and the merriest wedding they had ever seen. And to this day you can still see the ruins of the great abbey in which it took place.

H. E. Marshall.
(*From the Chisholm Readers.*)

I DO! DON'T YOU?

"SUMMER," said the humming Bee,
"Summer is the time for me!
Richest fields of luscious clover,
Honey-cups all brimming over,
Not a cloud the long day through!
I like Summer best—don't you?"

Said the dainty Primrose sweet:
"Summer is the time of heat;
In the Spring when birds are calling
And the crystal rain is falling,
All the world is cool and new!
I like Springtime best—don't you?"

Said the Apple: "Not at all,
There's no season like the Fall!
Golden skies through soft mist glowing,
Where the golden-rod is growing,
Reaping done and harvest through,
I like Autumn best—don't you?"

Said the Holly: "It is clear,
Of all the seasons of the year

Winter is the best and dearest,
Winds are stillest, skies are clearest—
Snowballs, sleigh rides, Christmas—whew!
I like Winter best—don't you?"

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY.

THE HAYLOFT

THROUGH all the pleasant meadow-side
The grass grew shoulder high,
Till the shining scythes went far and wide,
And cut it down to dry.

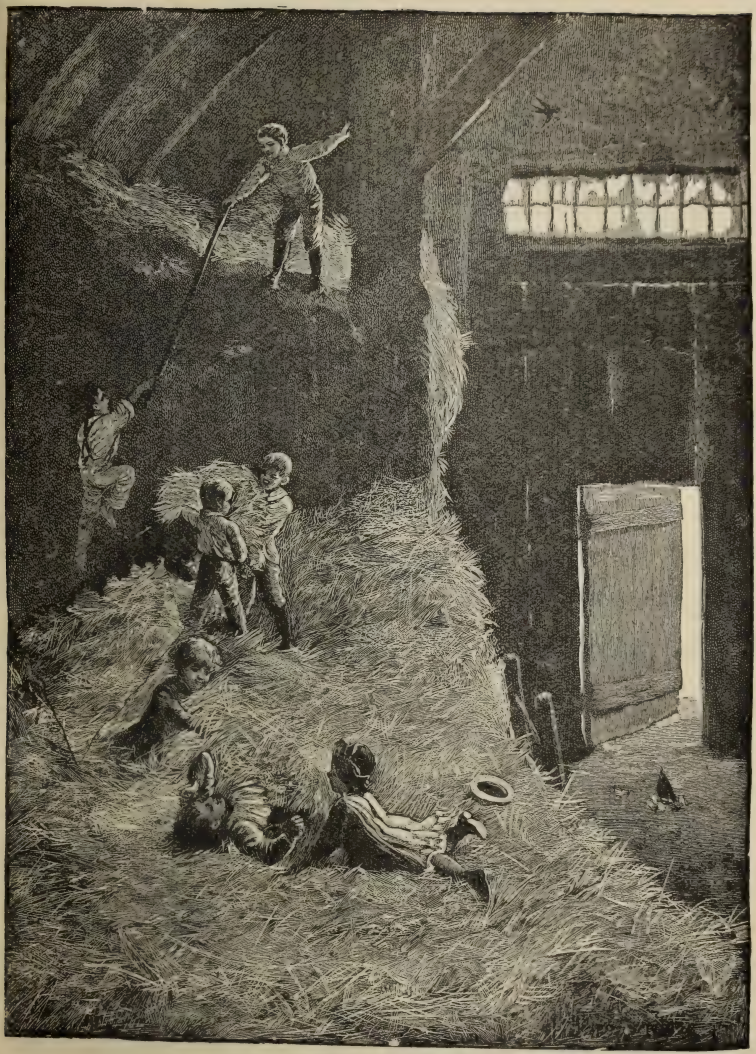
These green and sweetly-smelling crops
They led in wagons home,
And they piled them here in mountain tops
For mountaineers to roam.

Here is Mount Clear, Mount Rusty-Nail,
Mount Eagle, and Mount High;
The mice that in those mountains dwell
No happier are than I.

Oh, what a joy to clamber there,
Oh, what a place for play,
With the sweet, the dim, the dusty air,
The happy hills of hay!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)



The Hayloft

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

Once upon a time there lived a very rich king whose name was Midas. He was very fond of gold. Indeed, he loved it more than anything else in the world, except his beautiful little daughter whom he called Marygold. When the little girl picked buttercups and dandelions, and brought them to him, he would say, "I wish these flowers were as golden as they look."

One day when King Midas was in his treasure room counting his bags and boxes of money, he looked up and saw a stranger in the room. "You are a rich man, King Midas," said the stranger.

"Yes, I have some gold here," answered Midas, "but not nearly enough."

"What!" cried the stranger. "Are you not satisfied? What more do you wish?"

King Midas looked intently at the stranger and said, "I wish that I had the Golden Touch."

"Are you sure that you would be satisfied then?"

"Oh yes!" answered Midas. "I would ask for nothing more."

"It shall be as you wish," said the stranger. "To-morrow at sunrise you shall have the Golden Touch."

When the sun peeped into the room, King Midas jumped out of bed. He touched a chair; it turned to gold. He touched the bed and the table, and they were changed to solid, shining gold. He dressed himself, and all his clothes were gold. Then King Midas went into his garden. "Now," he thought, "I can have the most beautiful garden in the world." So he touched the leaves and flowers, and they, too, became shining gold. When he had done all

this, he felt hungry and thirsty, so he went to the palace for his breakfast.

Seated at his golden table, he asked first for a glass of water. When the water touched his lips, it changed to gold. He touched the fish on his plate; it became a pretty gold fish, and he could not eat it. He took an egg; that, too, turned into gold.

"Well this is awkward," thought he. "Such a costly breakfast before me, and nothing can be eaten." So great was his trouble that he groaned aloud.

His little daughter, who was seated at the table with him eating her breakfast, could not bear to see her father in such distress. Jumping down from her chair, she ran to him, threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him fondly.

The king kissed his little daughter. "My dear little Marygold," he cried. But Marygold did not answer. Alas! what had he done? His dear daughter, his sweet little Marygold, was changed to gold by his kiss.

Midas was overcome with grief and horror. He went back to his strong treasure room and

"So great was his trouble that he groaned aloud" (p. 90)

shut himself in. But now he found no joy in his golden money. The sight of it only made him weep the harder. "Unhappy that I am," he cried out, "the Golden Touch has made me a miserable man."

Just then the same stranger stood before him. "Which do you think," asked he, "is worth more —the Golden Touch or a cup of water?"

"A cup of water!" cried the king.

"The Golden Touch or a crust of bread?"

"Give me a crust of bread," answered the king.

"The Golden Touch or your dear little Marygold?"

"Oh, my child!" cried Midas. "She is worth more to me than all the gold in the world."

"Now go to your bed," said the stranger, "and sleep till daylight."

Midas slept late the next morning. On awakening, he dressed hastily and walked out of his chamber. How his heart bounded when he saw his little Marygold come running to greet him! He walked with her in the garden and rejoiced in the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers.

Was the Golden Touch only a hateful dream?

At any rate, after this King Midas loved gold far less. He was kind to the poor and the sick, and he helped his people in many ways. His people all became happy and prosperous, and that made Midas prosperous too. Indeed it came to be a common saying, "King Midas has the Golden Touch, for everything he and his people lay hand upon is sure to prosper."

A FAIRY WENT A-MARKETING

A FAIRY went a-marketing—
She bought a little fish;
She put it in a crystal bowl
Upon a golden dish.
An hour she sat in wonderment
And watched its silver gleam,
And then she gently took it up
And slipped it in a stream.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a coloured bird;
It sang the sweetest, shrillest song
That ever she had heard.

She sat beside its painted cage
And listened half the day,
And then she opened wide the door
And let it fly away.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a winter gown
All stitched about with gossamer
And lined with thistledown.
She wore it all the afternoon
With prancing and delight,
Then gave it to a little frog
To keep him warm at night.

A fairy went a-marketing—
She bought a gentle mouse
To take her tiny messages,
To keep her tiny house.
All day she kept its busy feet
Pit-patting to and fro,
And then she kissed its silken ears,
Thanked it, and let it go.

ROSE FYLEMAN.

(*By permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd.*)

THE RABBIT'S TRICK

One day Brother Rabbit was running along the sea-shore, when he saw a Whale and an Elephant talking together. He crouched down and listened to what they were saying, and this is what he heard:

"You are the biggest animal on the land, Brother Elephant," said the Whale, "and I am the biggest one in the sea; if we work together, we can rule all the animals and do just as we please."

"Excellent," said the Elephant; "that just suits me; we'll do it."

The Rabbit smiled. "They will not rule me," he said. Off he ran and soon came back with a long strong rope and a big drum. He hid the drum some distance away in the bushes. Then he ran along the shore till he met the Whale.

"Brother Whale," said he, "will you do me a favor? My cow is stuck in the mud away back in the bushes, and I am not strong enough to pull her out. May I ask you to help me?"

"Certainly," said the Whale, "I shall be glad to assist you."

"Then," said the Rabbit, "let me tie this end of my rope round you, and I will run back into the bushes and tie the other end round my cow, and when I have done that, I will beat on my drum. You will have to pull hard, for the cow is down deep in the mud."

"Pshaw!" said the Whale, "I will pull her out, even if she is covered to the tips of her horns."

The Rabbit tied the rope to the Whale and ran off as fast as he could to the place where the Elephant was feeding.

"Dear Mr. Elephant," said he, "will you do me a kindness?"

"What do you want?" asked the Elephant.

"My cow is stuck in the mud some distance down on the shore, and I am not strong enough to pull her out. May I ask you to help me?"

"Why, of course," said the Elephant.

"Then," said the Rabbit, "let me tie the end of this rope to your trunk and the other to my

cow, and when I have done this, I will beat on my big drum. When you hear that, pull with all your might, for the cow is a large one."

"Nonsense," said the Elephant. "I could pull a dozen cows."

"I feel sure of that," said the Rabbit, "only do not pull too hard at first."

When he had tied the rope about the Elephant's trunk, he ran back to a little hill in the bushes, where he could see what was about to happen, and began to beat the drum.

Whale and Elephant began at once to pull.

"A remarkably heavy cow," said the Elephant, as he braced himself, "but out she must come."

"Well, well!" said the Whale, "that cow must be far down in the mud."

Hard as the Whale pulled, the Elephant pulled harder, for he had a more solid footing. Presently the Whale found himself sliding towards the shore. As he neared the land, he became so indignant at the thought of that cow, that he plunged violently head foremost to the bottom.

This jerked the Elephant off his feet, and before he could recover himself, he was pulled right down to the edge of the water. He was furious.

Just then the Whale ceased pulling for an instant, and the Elephant leaped back with a jerk that brought the Whale to the surface of the water.

"What do you suppose you are pulling on?" shouted the Whale.

"What are you doing with that rope?" roared the Elephant.

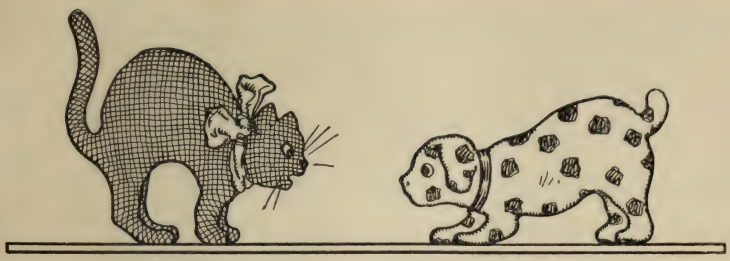
"I will teach you to play cow," said the Elephant.

"And I will show you how to trick me," said the Whale.

Each put forth all his strength, but the rope broke and heels over head tumbled Elephant and Whale. This made them both so ashamed and angry that it broke up the bargain between them.

And that little Rabbit in the bushes declared that he had never had such fun in his life.

SELECTED.



THE DUEL

The gingham dog and the calico cat
Side by side on the table sat;
'Twas half-past twelve, and (what do you think)
Nor one nor t'other had slept a wink!
The old Dutch clock and the Chinese plate
Appeared to know as sure as fate
There was going to be a terrible spat.
(*I wasn't there; I simply state*
What was told to me by the Chinese plate!)

The gingham dog went "Bow-wow-wow!"
And the calico cat replied "Mee-ow!"
The air was littered, an hour or so,
With bits of gingham and calico;
While the old Dutch clock in the chimney-place
Up with its hands before its face,

For it always dreaded a family row!
(*Now mind: I'm only telling you*
What the old Dutch clock declares is true!)

The Chinese plate looked very blue,
And wailed, "Oh, dear, what shall we do!"
But the gingham dog and the calico cat
Wallowed this way and tumbled that,
Employing every tooth and claw
In the awfullest way you ever saw;
And oh, how the gingham and calico flew!
(*Don't fancy I exaggerate—*
I got my news from the Chinese plate!)

Next morning, where the two had sat
They found no trace of dog or cat;
And some folks think unto this day
That burglars stole that pair away!
But the truth about the cat and pup
Is this: they ate each other up!
Now, what do you really think of that?
(*The old Dutch clock it told me so,*
And that is how I came to know.)

EUGENE FIELD.

(*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

HAMELIN is a little town in a country across the sea. Long ago a strange thing happened there. A great many rats came into the town. They were big, fierce rats. They killed the cats and dogs and bit the children. They ate the food on the tables. They ran up and down the streets in the daytime.

The Wise Men tried to think of a way to drive the rats out of the town. Cats and dogs could not do it, and the rats would not eat poison.

The Mayor said, "I wish I had a trap big and strong enough to catch the rats. I would give all my gold for it."

Just then a knock was heard at the door. "Come in," said the Mayor. The door opened, and in came a very strange man.

He was tall and thin, with bright blue eyes and light hair. His long coat was half of yellow and half of red. No one had ever seen him before.

The strange man went up to the Mayor and said, "I can drive the rats out of the town."

"Who are you," cried the Wise Men, "and how can you do this thing?"

"I am called the Pied Piper. I cannot tell you what I shall do. If you will promise to give me a thousand pieces of gold, I shall soon show you."

"A thousand!" cried the Mayor. "I will give you five thousand."

Then the Pied Piper went into the street. He took a pipe from his long coat and began to play a merry tune. Soon the rats came running from the houses.

"Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives."

The Piper walked slowly down the street, playing a merry tune, and the rats followed, dancing. They thought the music was about

good things to eat. They forgot everything else as they ran after the Piper. When they came to the river, every rat danced into the water and was drowned.

How happy the people were! They rang the bells and shouted for joy.

Then the Pied Piper said to the Mayor, "Now, if you please, give me the thousand pieces of gold."

"A thousand pieces of gold!" cried the Mayor. "That is too much money. I will give you fifty."

"If you do not give me the money, you will be sorry," said the strange man.

"You can do us no harm," said the Mayor. "The rats are dead. You cannot bring them back."

Then the Pied Piper went into the street again. He played a few sweet notes on his pipe. At once the children came out of the houses.

"All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,

"He played a few sweet notes on his pipe" (p. 103)

Tripping and skipping ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

The Piper walked down the street and through the fields. When he reached the foot of the hill, a door opened and he went in, still playing the beautiful tune. All the children followed him, and the door closed.

One little boy who was lame could not run as fast as the other children. When the Mayor and the Wise Men came running up, they found him crying.

"Why do you cry?" said the Mayor.

"I wished to go with the other children," he said. "When the man played on his pipe, it told us about a beautiful land. The sun was shining and the birds were singing. The children played in the fields. They were never ill nor lame. I ran as fast as I could, but when I came the children were gone, and I could not find the door."

The Mayor sent men north, south, east, and west to find the Piper. He said, "Tell him

that I will give him all the gold in the town if he will come back and bring the children with him."

The fathers and mothers of Hamelin waited and waited, but their little ones did not come back.

All this happened long ago, but no one has ever seen the Piper or the little children since.

If you go to Hamelin, the people will show you the hill and the river. You may walk down Pied Piper street, but you will hear no music. No one is allowed to sing or play a tune on the street down which the children followed the Pied Piper to the land beyond the hills.

THE LAND OF STORY-BOOKS

At evening, when the lamp is lit,
Around the fire my parents sit;
They sit at home, and talk and sing,
And do not play at anything.

Now, with my little gun, I crawl
All in the dark along the wall,
And follow round the forest track
Away behind the sofa back.

There in the night, where none can spy,
All in my hunter's camp I lie,
And play at books that I have read,
Till it is time to go to bed.

These are the hills, these are the woods,
These are my starry solitudes;
And there the river, by whose brink
The roaring lions come to drink.

I see the others far away,
As if in firelit camp they lay;
And I, like to an Indian scout,
Around their party prowled about.

So, when my nurse comes in for me,
Home I return across the sea;
And go to bed with backward looks
To my dear land of Story-books.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

(By permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green, and Co.)

Our Play-time

SAINT VALENTINE

Father Valentine was a priest who lived a long time ago. He spent his time in nursing the sick and in comforting the sorrowing. As he went about among his people, the children, too, found a kind and helpful friend. They liked to talk with him and to run by his side, as he went from one house to another. What wonderful stories he told them about the birds and the flowers! How many beautiful things he taught them, as they walked together through the forest and by the river!

Father Valentine loved all the little creatures of the woods and the streams, and they seemed to love him in return. The birds would come at his call, and the squirrels would scamper down the trees to take food from his hand.

Years went by, and at last the good priest became too old to visit his people. How they must have wished to hear again the sound of his footsteps at the door! How the children

must have missed their kind teacher and the stories that he told!

Father Valentine was very sad, because he could no longer go about from home to home. But he soon found a way by which he could still be of use to those he loved. As he sat in his room, he wrote the kind words which had always made his visits so full of good cheer. Every day his loving messages were sent near and far. They were carried by the boys and girls who had learned from him to be happy in helping others.

Soon his friends began to watch for the kind words that were sure to come to them whenever they were in need of help. Even the little children, when they were ill, would say, "I am sure that Father Valentine will send me a letter to-day."

After a time the good father passed away from the earth, but he had not been forgotten. Each year, when the 14th of February comes around, we still keep his birthday.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat:
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are, you are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Oh! let us be married; too long we have tarried:
But what shall we do for a ring?"
They sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows;
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose, his nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon, the moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

EDWARD LEAR

FOUR SUNBEAMS

Four little sunbeams came earthward one day,
Shining and dancing along on their way,
Resolved that their course should be blest.
"Let us try," they all whispered, "some kindness to do—
Not to seek our own pleasure all the day through—
Then meet in the eve at the west."

One sunbeam went in at an old cottage door,
And played hide-and-seek with a child on the floor,
Till baby laughed loud in his glee,
And chased with delight his strange playmate so bright;
The little hands grasped in vain for the light
That ever before them would flee.

One crept to a couch where an invalid lay,
And brought him a gleam of a sweet summer day,
Its bird-song and beauty and bloom,

Till pain was forgotten and weary unrest;
In fancy he roamed to the scenes he loved best,
Far away from the dim, darkened room.

One stole to the heart of a flower that was sad,
And loved and caressed her until she was glad,
And lifted her white face again.
For love brings content to the lowliest lot,
And finds something sweet in the dreariest spot,
And lightens all labor and pain.

And one, where a little blind girl sat alone,
Not sharing the mirth of her playfellows, shone
On hands that were folded and pale;
And it kissed the poor eyes that had never known sight,
And that never should gaze on the beautiful light,
Till angels should lift up the veil.

At last, when the shadows of evening were falling,
And the sun, their great father, his children was calling,
Four sunbeams sped into the west.

All said: "We have found that in seeking the pleasure
Of others we've filled to the full our own measure."
Then softly they sank to their rest.

PIPPA

All the year in the little village of Asola the great wheels of the mills went round and round. It seemed to the very little children that they never, never stopped, but went on turning and singing, turning and singing. No matter where you went in the village, the hum of the wheels could always be heard; and though no one could really say what the wheels sang, every one turned gladly to his work, or went swiftly on his errand, when he heard the busy song.

Every one was proud of the mills in Asola, and the children most of all. The very little ones would go to the lowest windows and look into the great dim room where the wheels were; and they wondered, as they looked, whether they would ever grow wise enough to make silk.

Those children who were older wound thread on the bobbins or helped at the looms. And whenever they saw the bright stuff in shop windows, or when a beautiful woman passed in silken robes, they looked with shining eyes. "See how beautiful!" they would say. "We helped. She needs us—the world needs us!" and their hearts were so full of gladness at the thought.

A poet tells us that there was a child in Asola whose name was Pippa, and she worked all day in a mill, winding silk on the little whirling, whirling spools.

Now in all the year there was one day they gave her for her own—one perfect day when she could walk in the sweet meadows or wander towards the far, strange hills. And this one precious day was so shining and so full of joy to Pippa that its light shone all about her until the next, making itself into dreams and little songs that she sang to her whirring spools.

One night, when the very next morning was to bring the blessed time, she said to the day, "Sweet Day, I am Pippa, and have only you

for the joy of my whole long year; come to me gentle and shining, and I will do whatever loving deed you bring me." And the blessed day broke golden and perfect!

She sprang up singing. She sang to the sunbeams, and to her lily, and to the joy of the world; she ran out, and leaped as she went; the grass blew in the wind, and the long yellow road rolled away like unwound silk.

She sang on and on, hardly knowing that she did so, and it was a sweet song no one had ever heard before. It was what birds sing, only it had words; and the song was so full of joy that when a sad poet heard it, he stopped the lonely tune he piped and listened till his heart thrilled. And when he could no longer hear, he took up the sweet strain and played it so strong and clear that it set the whole air a-singing. The children in the street began dancing and laughing as he played; the old looked up; the lame man felt that he might leap; and the blind who begged at corners forgot that they did not see—the song was so full of the morning wonder

But little Pippa did not know this; she had passed on, singing.

Out beyond the village there were men who worked, building a lordly castle. Among them was a youth who was a stair-builder, and he had a deep sorrow. The dream of the perfect and beautiful work was in his life, but to him it was given to build only the stairs men trod on. And as he knelt wearily at his task, from somewhere beyond the thicket there came a strange, sweet song, and these were the words,—

> "All service ranks the same with God:
> ..... There is no last nor first."

The youth sprang up; the light leaped into his eyes; and he began to do perfectly the smallest thing that was given him to do.

Farther down the road there was a ruined house; a man leaned his head on his hand and looked from the window. A great deed that the world needed must be done, and the man loved the great deed; but his heart had grown faint, and he waited.

But it chanced that Pippa passed, singing, and her song reached the man; and it was to him as if God called. He rose up strong and brave, and, leaping to his horse, he rode away to give the great deed to the world

At night, when the tired Pippa lay down upon her little bed she said to the day, "Sweet Day, you brought me no loving deed to give in payment for the joy you have." But the Day knew.

And on the morrow the child Pippa went back to the mill and wound the silk bobbins, and she was so full of gladness that she hummed with them all the day.

PIPPA'S SONG

THE year's at the spring,
  And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
  The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
  The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
  All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING.

AT THE ZOO

A TOUSLED cub behind the bars
I watched while at the Zoo,
Playing and rolling with a ball,
As children like to do.

He seemed to be a friendly sort,
And so I stopped to chat.
"How do you do, young Mr. Bear?"
I said, and doffed my hat.

"Thank you for asking, stranger child,
I'm feeling very well;
But oh, I hate this dusty cage
Far more than I can tell!"

So he replied, and then he said,
"I simply long for trees,
For deep green pools and forests cool—
Are there no more of these?"

He stared at me, forgot his play,
Poor jolly little bear;
It seemed to me he was in jail
In that enclosure there.

They've taken from him all he loves—
The woods, the pools, the sun,
And in exchange they offer him
A little currant bun!

MARGUERITE BULLER ALLAN.

(By arrangement with S. B. Gundy, Toronto.)

"*A great sea-fight was going on*" (p. 123)

THE POWDER-MONKEY

Long ago our warships were built of oak, and they carried a great many guns much smaller than those we now use. When a battle was in progress, the powder was carried to the guns by boys, who were often called "powder-monkeys."

I am not sure that you would have cared to be a "powder-monkey," going about your work amid the smoke and thunder of the guns, and seeing men struck down beside you by the fire of the enemy. But it was a fine training for the boys, and we cannot wonder that they became bold and hardy sailors.

Once, when a great sea-fight was going on, the ship of the British admiral was hemmed in by a circle of the enemy's ships and was being hardly pressed. The admiral wished to send a message to another of his ships near at hand. No boat could be sent, for it would at once have been destroyed by the enemy's shot. Yet the message must go at once, if his ship was to be saved. How could it be done?

A little powder-monkey boy stepped forward. "I'll carry your message, sir," he said. "I can swim like a fish. Write it on a bit of paper, and I'll carry it in my mouth."

It was a poor chance, but there was no other way; so the message was written out and handed to the boy. He rolled it up tightly and put it into the side of his mouth. Then he dived off the deck into the blood-stained water.

Bravely the little fellow struck out for the friendly ship. But he had to pass between the ships of the enemy, and, if he were seen, a bullet would soon put an end to his daring swim. Diving, and swimming under water as long as he could, he held on his way. No one seemed to notice the curly head of the little hero as he ducked and swam and ducked again, and at last he made his way beyond the enemy's lines.

Soon he reached the ship he was in search of and shouted for a rope. He climbed up as actively as a monkey of the ordinary kind, and stood on deck, black with powder and dripping after his swim.

"Dispatches from the admiral," he gasped, and took the precious roll of paper from his mouth.

The captain read the paper, asked a few questions of the boy, and at once made ready to obey the message he had received. The thunder of the guns as he broke through the enemy soon told the admiral that the brave little "powder-monkey" had succeeded in his task.

You will not be surprised to learn that this boy, poor and friendless as he then was, rose to be one of the greatest of the British sea-captains, Sir Cloudesley Shovel. In later years he became an admiral himself and helped to capture the great fortress of Gibraltar, in Spain, which has ever since been held by Great Britain.

GIBRALTAR

WAITING TO GROW

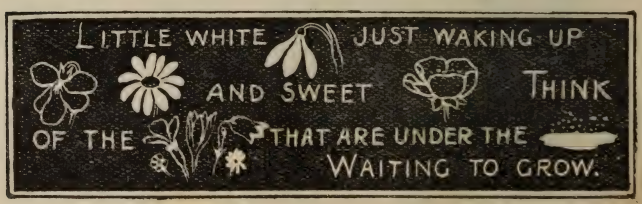
LITTLE white snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think of the hosts of queer little seeds,
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
That are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small or hidden so well
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and His rain where to go,
To help them to grow.

F. FRENCH.



Preparing for Market.—*G. Wheatley*

THE MADONNA OF THE CHAIR

Far away across the sea lies the sunny land of Italy. Many little villages nestle among its mountains. More than four hundred years ago, when Columbus was making his first voyage to this continent, a beautiful blue-eyed boy in one of these mountain villages was helping his father to grind paints and to wash brushes—for his father was an artist.

Their home may yet be seen, and on its wall a picture of the boy in a blue suit with his brown hair floating over his shoulders, painted there by his father. As a child he was so bright and beautiful that the name of the angel, Raphael, which his fond parents had given him, seemed rightly to belong to him.

When Raphael was only seven years of age he painted a vase for a prince. In the attic of his home, it is said, he labored with his drawings and colors for nearly three months. The prince was so pleased with the vase that he gave Raphael a beautiful jewel hung on a golden chain.

Raphael, now about fifteen years old, went to visit a friend of his father's, an artist, who had a brother a blind priest. "Draw near, good stranger," said the priest to him, when he met him, "I should like to know thee." Raphael stepped near him, and he passed his hand lightly over the boy's face. "Thou art very young," said the priest. "How could thy parents let thee leave thy home alone?"

"They are no longer living," said Raphael, "but I have been taught that God cares for me."

The priest, placing his hand on the boy's head, said: "Blessed are they who put their trust in Him. What is thy name, my son?"

"Raphael," he answered, "and my parents were well beloved by all who knew them."

He went with the priest to join the family at supper. He was the first to finish the meal, and taking from his pocket a little sketch-book, he began to make a sketch of the blind priest. He held the book below the edge of the table, thinking that no one would

notice it. But the artist, knowing what he was doing, came and peeped over the lad's shoulder. He was filled with astonishment to see how quickly Raphael made a good drawing showing well the love and goodness in the blind priest's face.

When Raphael grew to manhood, he became one of the world's greatest painters. People now travel from far and near to see his pictures, many of which were painted on the walls of Italian churches. He painted many Madonnas. This beautiful story is told about one of them, the children's favorite, called *The Madonna of the Chair*.

A pious old hermit lived in a hut sheltered by a great oak. The old tree and a kind woman, who cheered his closing years with frequent gifts of fruit and milk, shared his love and gratitude. When he died the oak was cut down, and its wood was made into barrels.

One day as the hermit's kind friend sat with her two children, Raphael passed and saw them. "What a lovely group!" he thought to himself. "That sight will help me to paint the Christ-child with His mother and little John the Baptist." But he had nothing there to make the sketch upon, except the end of one of the barrels that had been made out of the hermit's oak. He used it, and when he went

home he filled out the sketch with the loveliest colors.

And so we may always think of the hermit's two friends when we see *The Madonna of the Chair*. Yet that is one of the least of the pleasures that viewing this beautiful picture may give us.

If you ever go to Florence, you may see the picture there. The man would be very rich who is wealthy enough to buy it; indeed, it cannot be purchased with money.

(*By permission of the Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.*)

THE PEDDLER'S CARAVAN

I WISH I lived in a caravan,
With a horse to drive, like a peddler-man!
Where he comes from nobody knows,
Or where he goes to, but on he goes!

His caravan has windows two,
And a chimney of tin that the smoke comes through;

He has a wife, with a baby brown,
And they go riding from town to town.

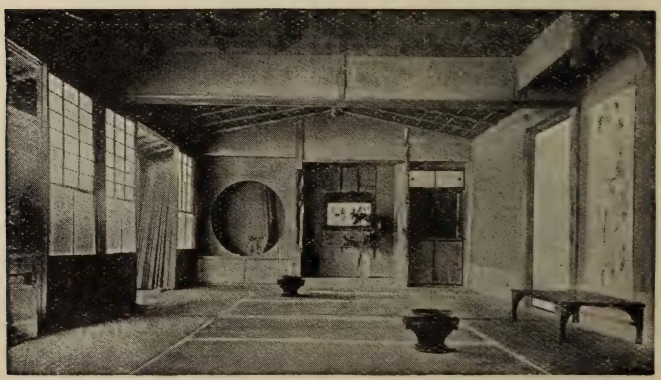
Chairs to mend or delf to sell!
He clashes the basins like a bell;
Tea-trays, baskets ranged in order,
Plates, with alphabets round the border.

With the peddler-man I should like to roam
And write a book when I come home;
All the people would read my book,
Just like the Travels of Captain Cook!

WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

A JAPANESE HOME

If you should visit a Japanese home,
Where there isn't a sofa or chair,
And your hostess should say,
"Take a seat, sir, I pray,"
Where would you sit? tell me where.
And if they should ask you to stay there to dine,
Where knives, forks, and spoons are unknown,
Now, how would you eat with chop-sticks of wood,
And how would you pick up a bone?
And if they should ask you to go for a drive
In a neat little rickshaw of blue,
And you found in Japan
That your horse was a man,
Now, what do you think you would do?



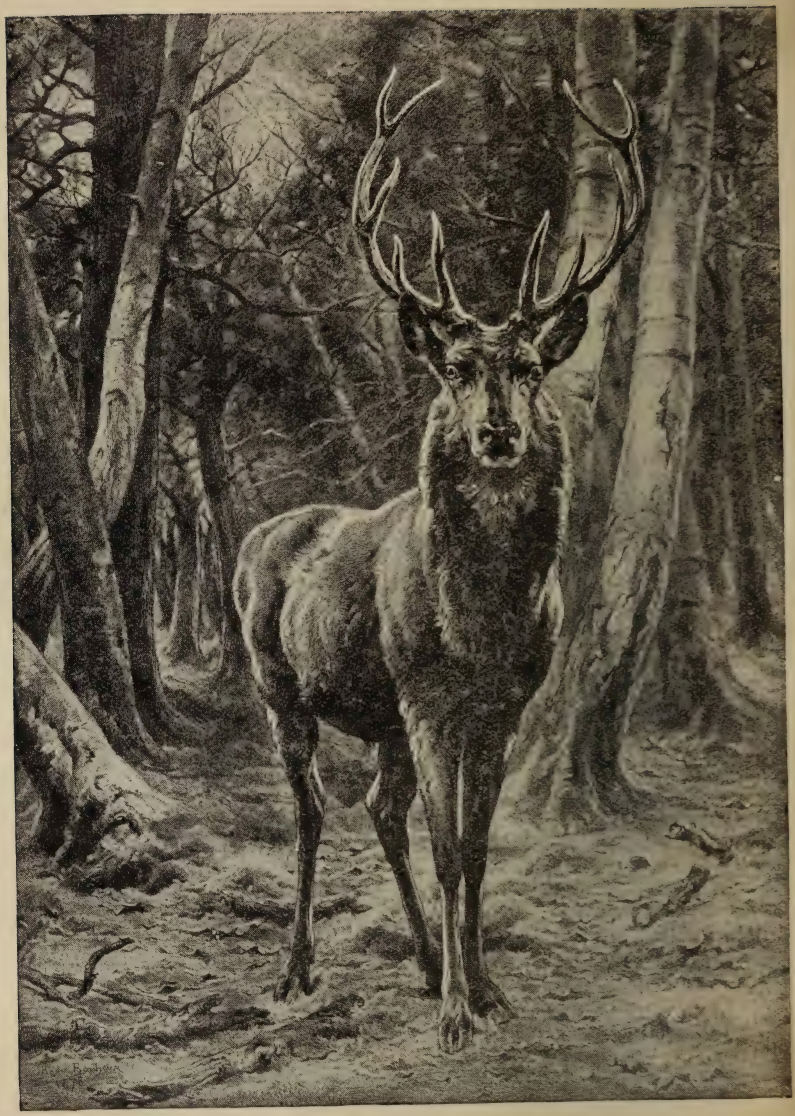
IRIS

The Sun-king has thrown out the rainbow bridge,
And Iris is coming down,
All decked in glistening gems of rain
And robed in a royal gown ;
In trailing robes of silvery mist,
She comes in her golden crown.

Her namesakes down by the water's edge,
Stand clad in their cloaks of blue,
The stately flags that the children know—
Like soldiers tried and true ;
With swords unsheathed and pointing up,
Through the shining mist and dew.

She sees that her precious pot of gold,
Safe under the rainbow lies,
She gives to the kindly, smiling earth
Her jewels fresh from the skies,
And showering smiles on flowers and trees,
Back over the bridge she flies.

Carrie Shaw Rice.



On the alert.—*Rosa Bonheur*

LORD NELSON

A LITTLE boy named Horatio Nelson went to live with his grandmother, for his mother was dead. One day when he was out on the hills, a bad storm came on. He saw a little hut near at hand and ran to it for shelter. By and by some people came to look for the little fellow. They were sure he would be terrified by the thunder and lightning.

But they found him sitting at the door of the hut, quite happy. He was watching the storm,

and after each bright flash he would say to himself, "Oh, how pretty!"

When the rain was over, the little fellow was carried home, and his grandmother was very glad to see him safe. He told her all about the pretty lightning, and how the rain filled all the little brooks.

"Had you no fear of the storm?" she asked.

"Fear? I don't know what you mean, grandmother. I did not see any fear," he replied.

Horatio Nelson entered the navy and became the greatest sea-captain that ever led a British fleet. He fought in many a battle, but he never knew the meaning of fear.

He was only twelve years old when he left his grandmother and went on board a man-of-war to learn to be a sailor. How proud he would be when first he put on his uniform, and had a real sword at his side! He had hard work to do, and he was not at all a strong boy, but his heart was stout and true. He knew what *duty* meant, and his chief aim was to do his duty.

Nelson taking leave of his Grandmother.—*G. W. Joy*

When Nelson was a lad of sixteen, his ship was sent to explore the frozen seas of the North. He set out one day with a companion to hunt for polar bears on the ice. Suddenly a fog came down, and they could not find their way back to the ship.

When the fog cleared, the two lads were seen from the ship attacking a huge bear. A gun was fired from the ship as a signal for them to return, and Nelson had to turn back. The captain scolded him for his rashness in going to attack the bear and asked him why he did so. He replied, "I wanted to get the skin as a present for my father, sir."

When Nelson became a man and commanded a ship of his own, he soon made himself beloved by all his men. He was kind and thoughtful to every one. "Brave as a lion, but gentle as a

lamb," was what men said of him. He won many a great sea-fight, and for one of these he received the title of Lord Nelson. He was wounded several times, but, in spite of wounds and sickness, he always did his duty to his country.

In the greatest of all his fights this was the signal he made to all the ships in his fleet, "England expects that every man will do his duty." At the end of the day he had won the most famous victory which British ships had ever gained, but he himself lay dying from his wounds. His last words were these, "Thank God, I have done my duty."

AN EASTERN LEGEND

THERE'S a tender Eastern legend,
In a volume old and rare,
Of the Christ-child in His garden
Walking with the children there.

And it tells—this strange, sweet story—
(True or false, ah, who shall say!)
How a bird with broken pinion
Dead within the garden lay.

And the children, children cruel,
Lifted it by shattered wing,
Shouting, "Make us merry music,
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing."

But the Christ-child bent above it,
Took it in His gentle hand,
Full of pity for the suffering
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly!
Laid His lips upon its throat,
And the song life, swift returning,
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away, on wings unwearied,
Joyously it sang and soared,
And the little children kneeling
Called the Christ-child, "Master—Lord."

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

ROBINSON CRUSOE

A LONG time ago a boy named Robinson Crusoe lived with his parents at Hull, a great seaport on the east coast of England. He wished very much to be a sailor, so one day he ran away to sea.

On one of his voyages a great storm arose, and the ship ran on the rocks near an island far away in the ocean. All the crew were drowned except Crusoe, and he was cast up by the waves on the rocky shore, more dead than alive.

When morning came, he saw that the sea was now quite calm, and that the wreck lay about a mile from the shore. He swam out to the ship and got on board by means of a rope that was hanging over the side. Then he set to work and made a raft out of a number of spars. On this raft he placed food, tools, guns, powder, shot, and other things which he found in the ship. Then he pushed off for the shore. Time after time he went to the ship on his raft, and he brought ashore most of the useful things in the wreck.

At first he set up a tent near the shore and lived for some time in it; but he soon made a better home for himself in a cave. He fenced it in with stakes, and inside the fence he put all the things which he had taken from the wreck. There was no door in the fence, and

Crusoe went in and out of his home by means of a ladder.

After he had been some time on the island, he set up a large post and carved on it these words, "I came on shore here on the 20th of September 1659." Upon the side of this post he cut a notch every day, so that he might know when it was Sunday. He found plenty of work to do. He spent his long, lonely days and evenings in making chairs and tables for his house, and many other things for his comfort and safety.

One day he was roaming about with a dog which had been saved from the wreck, when he found a young kid that had lost its mother. The dog would have killed the kid, but Crusoe caught it and brought it home. In time it became a great pet and followed him about wherever he went.

He had now for company his dog, four cats, and a parrot, all saved from the wreck, as well as the young goat. After a while he began to teach the parrot to talk. He quickly taught it

Robinson Crusoe in his Cave.—*Alexander Fraser, A.R.S.A.*

to say its own name, "Poll." It was a great comfort to talk to the parrot and to have the parrot talk to him.

A little later he made a boat in the woods, out of the trunk of a tree which he felled. It was a fine boat, but it was so heavy that he could not get it down to the sea. From this he learned a lesson, and his next boat was built by the water's edge. He fitted it with a mast and a sail, and fixed up his umbrella in the stern to shade him from the heat of the sun. In this boat he sailed right round his island home.

Crusoe had brought some shirts and coats from the wreck; but the coats soon wore out, and he set to work to make new clothes. He saved the skins of the animals that he shot, and out of these skins he made what he wanted. He also made a great skin umbrella to shade him from the rays of the sun.

Crusoe lived fifteen years on the island without seeing a human being. Then one day he saw the print of a man's naked foot on the sand. This made him afraid, and he went home as

quickly as he could. That night he slept little, for he now knew that there were savages on the island, and he feared that they might kill him at any moment.

His first care was to make his house secure. He set up a wooden wall outside his fence. In this wall he cut seven holes, and in each hole he fixed one of the guns he had brought from the wreck. The guns were so placed that he could fire all seven of them in a short time.

Before long, he found that a certain tribe of savages used to visit the island. Early one morning he saw five canoes on the shore, and through his spy-glass he saw the savages making ready for a feast. They had with them a number of prisoners taken in war, and these they began to kill and eat. Crusoe saved the life of one of their prisoners, who made his escape from them. He called him Friday, because that was the day of the week on which he first saw him. Friday was very quick and very willing to learn, and became a great help to his master.

While Crusoe and Friday were working one

day, they saw that another savage feast was going to take place. There were three poor fellows lying bound on the beach, and one of them was a white man. At once Crusoe set out to save them from their cruel fate. The white man turned out to be a Spaniard. Meanwhile Friday, to his great joy, found that one of the prisoners was his own father!

At last one day a boat came ashore with eleven white men in it. Three of them were bound with ropes. It turned out that a ship's crew had risen against their officers and were putting them ashore on what they thought was a desert island. Crusoe helped the officers to overcome the crew and get command of their ship once more. Having done this, he went on board the ship and left the island on which he had lived so long. He went back to England, and all who heard his story were filled with wonder at the strange life he had led so long.

THE BRAHMAN, THE TIGER, AND THE SIX JUDGES

CHARACTERS

The Brahman	*The Bullock*
The Tiger	*The Eagle*
The Fig Tree	*The Alligator*
The Camel	*The Jackal*

(A Brahman, part of whose religion it is to be kind to animals, is walking along the road in India. He comes to an iron cage, in which a great tiger is shut up.)

Tiger. Brother Brahman, Brother Brahman, have pity on me and let me out of this cage for one minute, for I am dying of thirst.

Brahman. No, I will not, for doubtless the villagers caught you and shut you up because you had been eating men, and if I let you out of the cage you will eat me.

Tiger. O father of mercy, in truth I will not. I will never be so ungrateful. Only let me out, that I may drink some water and return. I tell you I am dying of thirst.

(So the Brahman, who has a kind heart, lets the tiger out.)

Tiger (*jumping out*). Ha! ha! I am out. Now I will kill you first and eat you, and drink the water afterward.

Brahman. Wait a bit. Do not kill me hastily. Let us first ask the opinion of six, and if all of them say that it is just and fair that you should put me to death, then I am willing to die.

Tiger. Very well; it shall be as you say. We will first ask the opinion of six.

(The tiger and the Brahman walk along till they come to a fig tree.)

Brahman. Fig Tree, Fig Tree, hear and give judgment.

Fig Tree. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. This tiger begged me to let him out of his cage to drink a little water, and he promised not to hurt me if I did so; but now that I have let him out, he wishes to eat me. Is it just that he should do so, or not?

Fig Tree. Men often come to take shelter from the scorching rays of the sun in the cool shade under my boughs. But when they have rested, they cut and break my pretty branches

and wantonly scatter my leaves. Let the tiger eat the man, for men are an ungrateful race.

Tiger. Ha! ha! I will eat you now.

Brahman. No, Tiger, not yet; you must not kill me yet, for you promised that we should first hear the judgment of six. Come a little farther.

Tiger. Very well.

(They go on their way, and after a little while they meet a camel.)

Brahman. Sir Camel, Sir Camel, hear and give judgment.

Camel. On what shall I give judgment?

Brahman. This tiger begged me to open his cage door, and promised not to eat me if I did so. Now that I have let him out, he is determined to eat me. Is that just, or not?

Camel. When I was young and strong and could do much work, my master took care of me and gave me good food, but now that I am old and have lost all my strength in his service, he overloads me and starves me and beats me without mercy. Let the tiger eat the man, for men are an unjust and cruel race.

Tiger. Do you hear that? Ha! ha! I will eat you this instant.

Brahman. Stop, Tiger, for we must first hear the judgment of six.

(So they both go again on their way. At a little distance they find a bullock lying by the wayside.)

Brahman. Brother Bullock, Brother Bullock, hear and give judgment.

Bullock. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. I found this tiger in a cage, and he prayed for me to open the door and let him out to drink a little water, and promised not to kill me if I did so, but when I let him out he resolved to put me to death. Is it fair that he should do so, or not?

Bullock. When I was able to work, my master fed me well and tended me carefully, but now that I am old, he has forgotten all I did for him and left me here by the roadside to die. Let the tiger eat the man, for men have no pity.

(An eagle flies over the place where the three are.)

Brahman. O Eagle, great Eagle, hear and give judgment.

Eagle. On what must I give judgment?

Brahman. I let this tiger out of his cage and he promised not to eat me, but now that he is free he wishes to. Is that just, or not?

Eagle. Whenever men see me they try to shoot me; they climb the rocks and steal away my little ones. Let the tiger eat the man, for men are the persecutors of the earth.

Tiger (*roaring in a loud voice*). The judgment of all is against you, O Brahman. I am going to eat you.

Brahman. Stay yet a little longer, for two others must be asked first.

(After this they see an alligator.)

Brahman. Here I shall get a different verdict. O Alligator, this tiger wants to eat me. I let him out of his cage on the promise that he would not do so, yet now he says he will. Is that just or is it not?

Alligator. Whenever I put my nose out of water, men torment me and try to kill me. Let the tiger eat the man, for as long as men live we shall have no rest.

Brahman. But one chance more. I fear I am lost.

Tiger. Yes, I am going to eat you at once. Let us get this sixth question over. Ask this jackal, who has been standing on the bank listening.

Brahman. Ah, Uncle Jackal, did you hear my story?

Jackal. Every word.

Brahman. Give then a judgment.

Jackal. It is impossible for me to decide who is in the right and who is in the wrong unless I see the exact position in which you were when the dispute began. Show me the place.

(So the Brahman and the tiger returned to the place where they first met, and the jackal with them.)

Jackal. Now, Brahman, show me exactly where you stood. That will help my understanding of the case.

Brahman (*standing by the iron cage*). Here.

Jackal. Exactly there, was it?

Brahman. Exactly here.

Jackal. Where was the tiger then?

Tiger. In the cage.

Jackal. How do you mean? I don't seem able to see just how it was.

Tiger. Why, I was in the cage. Don't you see?

Jackal. Yes, but how do you mean? How were you in the cage, and which way were you looking?

Tiger (*jumping into the cage*). I stood so, and my head was on this side.

Jackal. Very good, but I still seem unable to judge without seeing things just as they were. Surely the cage door was not open?

Brahman. No, shut and bolted this way (*shutting and bolting the door*).

Tiger. There, now you see just how things were. Do you understand it now?

Jackal. Perfectly; and if you will permit me to say so, you wicked and ungrateful tiger, I think matters will remain just as they were. Come, friend Brahman, let us proceed. Your road lies that way, I believe, and mine this.

(They go off in opposite directions.)

Tiger. And I didn't even remember to get my drink of water.

MARION FLORENCE LANSING.
(*By kind permission of the Author.*)

A NEST IN A POCKET

A LITTLE bird went to and fro,
Once in the nesting season,
And sought for shelter high and low,
Until, for some queer reason,
She flew into a granary,
Where, on a nail suspended,
The farmer's coat she chanced to see;
And there her search was ended.

The granary was in a loft,
Where not a creature met her;
The coat had hollows deep and soft—
Could anything be better?
And where it hung, how safe it was
Without a breeze to rock it!
Come, busy little beak and claws,
Build quick inside the pocket!

Three speckled eggs soon warmly lay
  Beneath the happy sitter;
Three little birds—oh, joy!—one day
  Began to chirp and twitter.
And then—ah! can you guess the tale?—
  The farmer came one morning,
And took his coat down from the nail
  Without a word of warning!

Poor, little, frightened motherling!
  Up from her nest she fluttered,
And straightway every gaping thing
  Its wide-mouthed terror uttered.
The good man started back aghast;
  But merry was his wonder
When, in the pocket, he at last
  Found such unlooked-for plunder.

He put the coat back carefully:
  "I think I have another;
So don't you be afraid of *me*,
  You bright-eyed little mother.

I know just how you feel, poor thing,
For I have youngsters, bless you!
There—stop your foolish fluttering—
Nobody shall distress you."

Then merrily he ran away
To tell his wife about it—
How in his coat the nestlings lay,
And he must do without it.
She laughed, and said she thought he could:
And so, all unmolested,
The mother-birdie and her brood
Safe in the pocket rested.

Till all the little wings were set
In proper flying feather;
And then there was a nest to let,
For off they flocked together.
The farmer keeps it still to show,
And says that he's the debtor;
His coat is none the worse, you know,
While he's a little better.

THE STORY OF ALADDIN

In a city of China there lived a poor tailor who had one son, named Aladdin. This boy, I am sorry to say, was idle and fond of mischief. When he was about twelve years of age, his father died. Then his poor mother had to sell the tailor's shop. She worked hard from morning until night in order to get bread for herself and her son.

One day, when Aladdin, who was too selfish and too lazy to help his mother, was playing in the streets, a stranger stopped and watched him. This stranger was a magician. As soon as he saw Aladdin, he knew that the boy would be able to help him in his wicked work. He asked Aladdin many questions about himself, his father, and his mother. When he had learned all that he wished to know, he suddenly threw his arms about Aladdin's neck.

"I am your uncle," he cried. "Your father was my brother. I was going to ask the way to your house when I met you." Then he asked

Aladdin where his mother lived and said he would visit her next day. Aladdin ran home at once and told his mother all that had happened.

Next day the magician came to the widow's house. He talked a great deal about his poor dead brother, and offered to take Aladdin and set him up as a merchant. Aladdin's mother agreed to this; and then the magician took the boy and had him dressed in fine new clothes. Of course, Aladdin was much pleased at his good fortune.

Two or three days passed by, and Aladdin and the magician became good friends. One morning they set out for a long walk, and the magician led the boy on and on, until they left the city far behind and came to the mountains.

"Where are we going, my dear uncle?" asked the boy. "I am so tired that I can go no farther."

"Take courage, nephew," said the magician; "we shall soon come to the most beautiful garden that you have ever seen." On and on

they went, and at last they came to a lonely valley. Here the magician gathered some sticks and set fire to them. When they blazed up, he

threw a powder on them and said some strange magic words. A great smoke arose; the ground shook and opened. In the opening lay a square stone, with a brass ring in the middle of it.

Aladdin was afraid and would have run away; but the magician said, "Do as I tell you, and we two shall be the richest men in the world. Take hold of this ring and lift up the stone."

Aladdin did as he was told. He raised the stone and saw before him a hole, at the bottom of which was a small door, with steps that led down still lower.

"Go down the steps," said the magician, "and you will see a door that leads into three great halls, one opening into the other. At the end of the third hall there is a beautiful garden. Go through the garden, and you will come to a flight of steps, at the bottom of which is a terrace. On this terrace you will find a lighted lamp. Blow out the light, throw away the wick and the oil, put the lamp into your bosom, and hasten back."

Then the magician took a ring from his

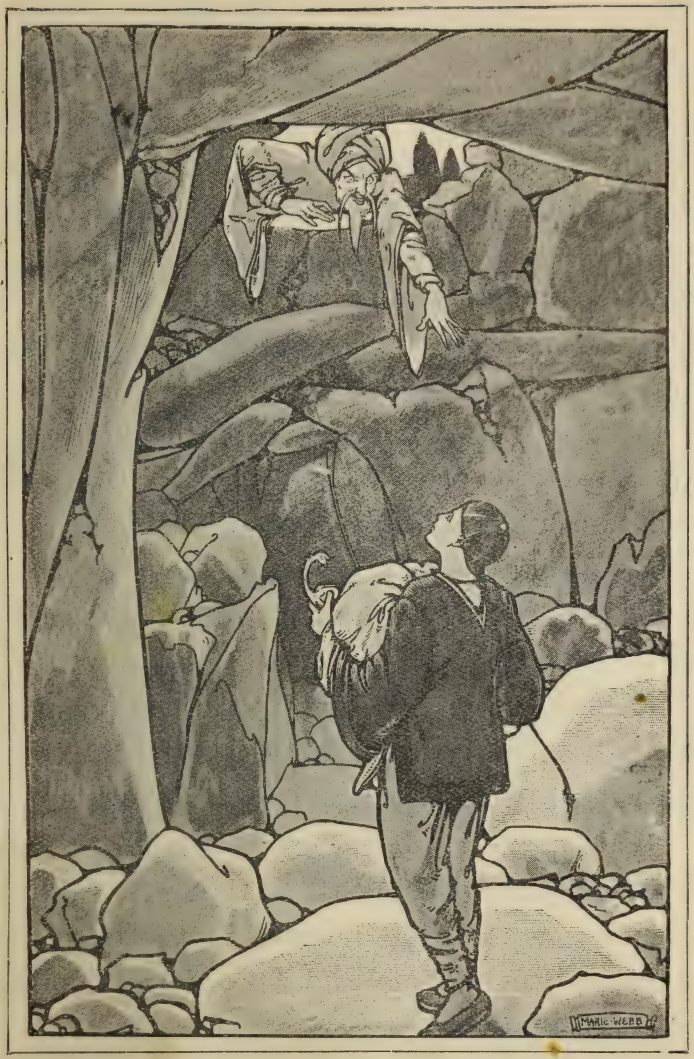
pocket and put it on the boy's finger. "This ring," he said, "will keep you from all harm. Now, go boldly, my boy."

Aladdin jumped into the hole, went down the steps, and passed through the three halls. When he came to the garden, he stopped to admire the fruit on the trees. To his surprise he saw that the apples, oranges, and pears were made of glittering stones. He thought them very pretty, and, after filling his pockets and handkerchief with them, he walked on towards the terrace.

Soon he reached the place and saw the lamp. He seized it, blew out the light, threw away the oil and the wick, and, thrusting it into his bosom, returned to the mouth of the cave.

The magician was waiting for him. "Quick," he cried, "give me the lamp!" "Wait until I am out of the cave," said Aladdin. "I must have it at once," shouted the magician. "Not till I get out," replied Aladdin, who always wanted to have his own way.

Then the magician fell into a great rage. He



" Wait until I am out of the cave" (p. 164)

stormed and raved, and, throwing some more powder on the fire, shouted the magic words. At once the stone flew back into its place, and Aladdin was shut up in the dark cave. When the boy found himself thus buried alive, he shouted and cried until he was quite worn out. Then he sat upon the steps of his dark prison and waited for death.

For two days he lay in this hopeless state, without eating or drinking. On the third day he clasped his hands in prayer, and in doing so rubbed the ring which the magician had placed upon his finger. At once a spirit of great size and frightful shape appeared and said, "What dost thou command? I and others are ready to obey thee. We are the slaves of the lamp and of the ring on thy finger."

"Whoever you are," cried Aladdin, "take me out of this place." He had hardly said the words when he found himself in the city. He dragged himself home and fell on the doorstep faint with hunger.

His mother, who had given him up for lost,

was full of joy at seeing him again ; and, when he had eaten all the food in the house, he told her what had happened. Then he showed her the stones that he had brought from the garden. She thought them pretty playthings, but neither he nor she knew that they were worth much money.

Soon Aladdin became hungry again. "Alas!" said his mother, "there is not a morsel of food in the house."

"Then I must sell the lamp," said Aladdin, "or we shall starve."

"Very well," said his mother. "But first I will clean it, for it is very dirty."

No sooner had she begun to rub it than the slave of the lamp appeared. The mother was very much frightened, but Aladdin told her not to be afraid and said to the spirit, "I am hungry ; get me something to eat."

The spirit bowed and vanished, and in a few moments mother and son were sitting down to a feast fit for a king. For the next five or six years Aladdin was rich and happy, for the spirit brought him everything that he asked for.

One day Aladdin saw the Sultan's daughter. She was so lovely that Aladdin said he must have her for his wife. His mother laughed at his folly, but Aladdin made the slave of the lamp bring grand presents of gold and gems and slaves. These Aladdin sent to the Sultan and asked that he might be allowed to marry the princess.

The Sultan agreed, and the marriage soon took place. The spirit built them a most beautiful palace, and they lived in it very happily. When the Sultan died, Aladdin took his place, and lived to a good old age, loving his princess and doing good to his people.

(*Adapted from "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments."*)

THE ROCK-A-BY LADY

The Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street
Comes stealing, comes creeping;
The poppies they hang from her head to her feet,
And each hath a dream that is tiny and fleet:
She bringeth her poppies to you, my sweet,
When she findeth you sleeping!

There is one little dream of a beautiful drum—
"Rub-a-dub!" it goeth;
There is one little dream of a big sugar-plum,
And lo! thick and fast the other dreams come
Of pop-guns that bang, and tin tops that hum,
And a trumpet that bloweth.

And dollies peep out of those wee, little dreams
With laughter and singing;

And boats go a-floating on silvery streams,
And the stars peep-a-boo with their own misty gleams,
And up, up, and up where the Mother Moon beams
The fairies go winging!

Would you dream all those dreams that are tiny and fleet?
They'll come to you sleeping;
So shut the two eyes that are weary, my sweet,
For the Rock-a-by Lady from Hush-a-by Street,
With poppies that hang from her head to her feet,
Comes stealing, comes creeping.

EUGENE FIELD.

(*By permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.*)

PANDORA'S BOX

Once upon a time there were two playmates—a little girl named Pandora and a little boy named Epimetheus. In those days there were no old people in the world; it was a world of children. There was no hard work to be done and no lessons to be learned, so you may know that life was very easy.

When the boys and the girls wanted dinner, they found it growing upon a tree. After they had eaten their food, there was nothing but sports and dances and games all the day, and sound sleep by night. No child ever sulked or got into a temper, and through all the wide, wide world there were none of those things we call troubles or cares or sorrows. So you see that must have been a long time ago.

Now in the pretty cottage where Epimetheus lived there was a very large box, and one day Pandora said, "Epimetheus, what is there in that box?"

"That is a secret, dear," said the boy gently.

"I do not know myself, and the one who left it here told me that I must never ask about it."

"How silly!" said Pandora. "I wish the box could be taken away."

"Never mind," said Epimetheus; "let us go out to play."

The girl would not cease talking about the box. "Why not open it?" she said at last.

"Open it? No, no," cried Epimetheus. "We must not do that without permission." Then, because he was tired of hearing so much about the box, he went out to play with the other children, and Pandora was left alone.

After Epimetheus had left her, Pandora stood gazing at the box for a long time. It was made of dark wood, with so fine a polish that Pandora could see her face in it as in a mirror. On the middle of the lid was a curious carved creature with a beautiful woman's face. Round the box was a cord of gold which was tied in a curious knot. "It must have been a very clever person who tied that knot," said Pandora to herself. "I wonder if I could untie it."

So she took the golden string in her fingers and gave the cord a kind of twist. Then, as if by magic, the knot untied itself and left the box ready to open. Pandora now began to feel much afraid of what Epimetheus would say when he found out what she had done. So she tried to fasten the cord again, but found that she could not do so.

"What shall I do?" she cried. "If Epimetheus finds the cord untied, he will think I have looked into the box.—Then why should I not look?" she said to herself after a while.

As she sat there, she thought she heard small voices within the box saying, "Let us out, dear Pandora; pray let us out! We shall be such nice playmates for you. Please do let us out!"

"There must be something alive in the box," said the girl. "I will take one peep—just one peep—and then the lid shall be shut down as safely as ever."

Now, just as Pandora said these words Epimetheus came up to the cottage door. He had

made a wreath of flowers for his playmate, and meant to steal softly behind her and slip it over her head.

When he opened the door, he saw Pandora kneeling down before the box with her back towards him. Now Epimetheus himself wished very much to know what was in the box. So instead of running forward to stop Pandora from opening it, he stood waiting to see what would happen.

As Pandora raised the lid, the cottage grew very dark, and there was a heavy peal of thunder. The girl paid no heed to these things, but lifted the lid a little higher and looked inside. Then it seemed as if a swarm of winged creatures brushed past her out of the box, and in a moment she heard Epimetheus cry, "Oh, I am stung!"

This was the first cry of pain that had ever been heard in the world!

The girl let fall the lid and stood up. In the dim light she saw a crowd of ugly little shapes with long stings in their tails flying about the

"*Pandora raised the lid*" (p. 174)

room. One of them settled on her brow and would have stung her, if Epimetheus had not come up and brushed it away.

Now these ugly little things were the first Troubles which had been seen in the world. There was one called Temper, and another Sulks, and another Greed, as well as many others with names quite as ugly as themselves.

After a few moments Pandora opened the window, and the Troubles flew out into the open air. After that the children of the world were happy only now and again instead of all the time ; and, instead of keeping always young, they grew up to become men and women, and at last grew old and died.

Meanwhile, Pandora had flung herself down on the floor beside the box and was sobbing as if her heart would break. All at once she heard a gentle tap on the inside of the lid. "What can that be?" she cried, raising her head.

Again the tap was heard. It sounded like a fairy's hand knocking lightly on the inside of the box.

"Who are you?" asked Pandora.

A sweet little voice called from within, "Only lift the lid and you shall see."

"No, no," said Pandora, "I will never lift that lid again. You must stay where you are."

"Ah," said the sweet little voice again, "you

will be much pleased when you see me. Those naughty Troubles need some one to look after them, and I alone can do it."

"My dear Epimetheus," said Pandora, turning to the boy, "what shall I do?"

"You may as well open it," said her play-

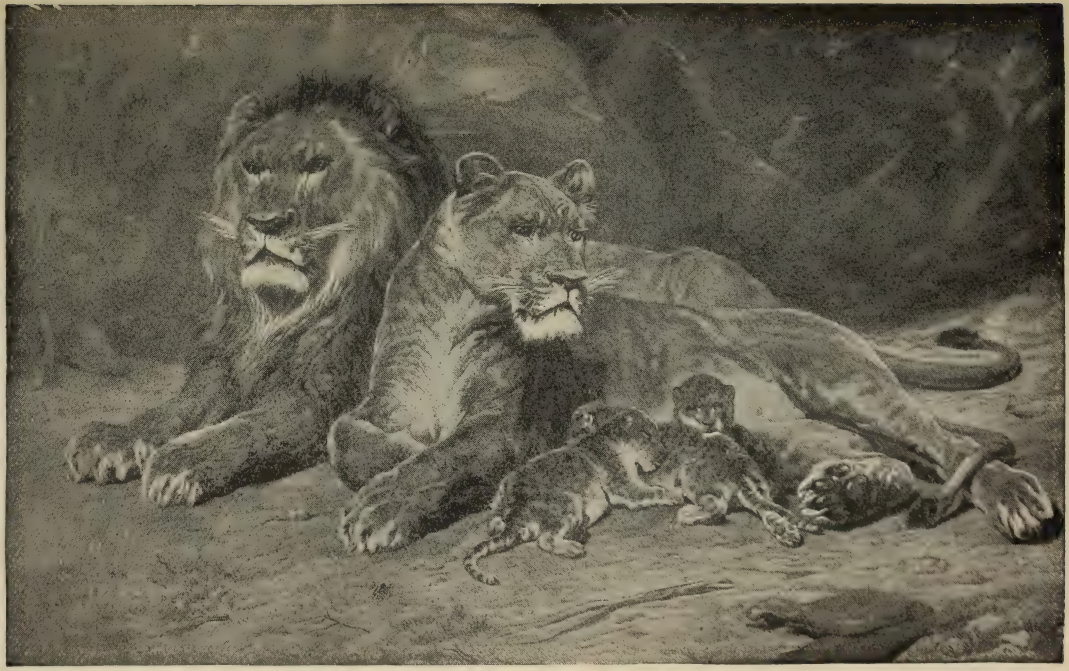
mate, not very kindly; "and as the lid seems heavy I will help you." So they raised the lid, and out flew a shining little person with golden hair and fairy wings. She flew to Epimetheus and touched the spot where the Trouble had stung him, and at once the pain of it was gone.

Then the bright little fairy danced round and round the children in such a merry way that they began to forget all about the Troubles with stings in their tails. "Who are you, my pretty dear?" asked Pandora at last.

"I am called Hope," said the bright fairy; "and because I am so cheery I was packed in that box with the Troubles. My work will be to follow them about and cure people whom they may hurt."

"And will you stay with us," asked Epimetheus, "for ever and ever?"

"Yes, for ever and ever," said the bright fairy: "you shall never lose sight of your little friend Hope."



Lions at Home.—*Rosa Bonheur*

THE SCARECROW

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could beat the Robins," said he,
"If somebody would only show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and with bristling head,
And up in the trees I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow, tattered and torn—
Oh! 'twas a horrible thing to see!

And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,
The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,
But the scarecrow stood there so much at home
All the birds flew screaming away in a fright.

The Robins, who watched him every day,
Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright!
Surveying the monster began to say,
"Why should this monster our prospects blight?

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"

So up they flew, and the sauciest pair
'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,
Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,

That, half concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease.

By the time the cherries were ruby red,
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole day long on the ripe fruit fed,
'Twas so convenient! they ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree,
For nobody thought to look in the guy
For a Robin's flourishing family.

CELIA THAXTER.

THE FLIGHT OF THE THRUSHES

I

IN Egypt, not far from the Pyramids, a mother thrush had spent a pleasant winter with a fine brood of young thrushes. But as the days began to grow warmer, a strange restlessness began to warn them that it was time to take

their flight to a more northern country and a less sunny clime.

The mother thrush gathered her children together, and joined a flock of friends from the banks of the upper Nile. Then they all spread their wings and fluttered away toward the Mediterranean Sea. There in due time they arrived, and alighted not far from the shore.

"Where shall we go now?" asked one of the young birds, whose name was Songful.

"We must cross the great sea," said his mother.

"What!" cried another, who was called Thinklittle. "How can we do that? We shall drown before we are half-way across."

Then a third, whom everybody called Grumbler, began to complain. "Oh dear!" he cried. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea."

Then Songful and Thinklittle and Thankful, the rest of Mother Thrush's family, all joined in the cry of Grumbler. "You have brought us here only to drown us in the sea."

"Wait a little while," said their mother quietly. "We must find a ship to carry us across."

"Ah!" sighed Songful, "but I am afraid of ships! They often carry some of those creatures called boys, who shoot arrows and throw stones at little birds."

"True enough!" said Thinklittle. "Ships are dangerous things."

"And you brought us here only to be shot and stoned by bad ship boys!" cried Grumbler.

But the patient mother bird said, "Wait a little while! Wait a little while!"

The very next day a strange sound was heard high up in the air: "Honk! honk! honk!"

"There are our ships!" cried Mother Thrush.

"What do you mean?" piped Thinklittle. And he hopped upon a twig, looked up into the sky, and shook his wings. "I see nothing but a flock of those clumsy storks that wade in the mud by the river banks."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Songful. "Do you expect to see ships coming from the sky? Look toward the sea, brother!" And then he sang his happiest song.

"What great awkward fellows those storks are!" said Grumbler. "There is no more music in them than in an Egyptian water-wheel." And with that he began to whistle a merry tune to show how much better he was than the birds he despised.

But his mother only said, "Wait a little while!"

II

The storks settled down upon the shore, quite near to the little company of thrushes. There, for a while, they fed among the tall plants that grew by the margin of the water. But soon they began to make a great stir; and they called to one another among the reeds, "Honk, creek! honk, creek!"

"There!" said Mother Thrush. "They're going! Get ready, my children! We must go with them."

"How are we going to do that?" cried Grumbler.

"Yes, how?" said Thinklittle. "We are not strong enough to keep up with those storks."

"Silence!" cried Mother Thrush, now much excited. "Say not a word, but do as I do."

The storks slowly raised their awkward bodies and spread their huge wings. Then they soared into the air, trailed their legs behind them, and crying hoarsely, took their course straight across the sea.

"Now!" cried Mother Thrush. "Be quick! Follow me, and do as I do!"

She darted into the midst of the flock of storks, with her four broodlings close beside her. For a moment or two she fluttered over a gray-winged stork, and then settled down upon the bird's broad back and nestled between her wings. All her family followed, and cuddled down beside her.

For a short time they felt so strange in their odd resting-place that they kept very

still. But after a while the young ones began to talk.

"This is a pleasant voyage, indeed," said Thinklittle. "How nice to ride on the backs of these big storks! The people who ride on camels, or on the little donkeys that trot to and from the Pyramids, have not half so pleasant a time."

"Now I understand what Mother meant when she spoke of ships," said Songful. "I wonder if she thinks our stork will carry us all the way across."

"Indeed, she will!" said Mother Thrush.

"Yes," said Grumbler; "she may, if she doesn't shake us all off and drown us!"

III

They rode on for many and many a mile. Sometimes they were a little frightened as the stork fluttered to and fro, or sank and rose again. But now and then they ventured to peep out between the widespread wings, and look down upon the green sea that rolled beneath them.

"Mother!" at last said Thankful.

"Well, my dear."

"Don't you think that the stork must be very tired, and that we ought to do something to comfort and cheer her as she flies?"

"Hush!" cried Thinklittle. "If she finds out that we are here, she will toss us off her back."

"Oh! who cares if the stork is tired," said Grumbler. "She can feel no worse than we do."

Thankful was silent for a little while. Then she crept close to her brother Songful, and the two twittered softly together for a moment. At last, without a word to the others, they lifted their heads and broke forth into song. The notes of the duet rose sweet and clear above the fluttering of the stork's wings and the whistling of the shrill north wind.

"Ah!" cried Thinklittle, as he heard the song. "It is very sweet, indeed, and I feel almost like singing too. But what if the old stork should hear us!"

"Yes, indeed," said Grumbler. "It is very foolish to let her know that we are here."

But the stork listened to the song with pleasure, and was not at all angry. More than once she turned her head backward, and out of her deep round eyes looked kindly upon the singers.

"Thank you," she said when the song was ended. "You have cheered the way with your pleasant song. I am so glad that you chose to come with me."

Thinklittle was ashamed of himself, and began to warble a pretty tune; and then Grumbler forgot to complain, and joined in the song.

From that time on, all the way across the sea, the carrier stork was made happy by the melody of the grateful thrushes. At last the northern shore was reached, and the thrushes rose from the back of the great bird that had carried them so far and so safely. Then breaking into a chorus of song, with sweet words of farewell, they flew away to make the rest of the journey home upon their own wings.

When they reached the green fields and broad canals of Holland, they found the good stork and her friends already at home on the tall chimneys of an old town ; and after friendly greetings they set to work building their own nests.

Now it happened that this story was much talked about in Holland, and so from that day to this the little song birds which cross the sea on the backs of the great storks are said to warble all the way. And the great storks are glad to carry them because of their sweet songs.

HENRY C. McCOOK.

(*From "Story-Hour Readings: Fourth Year," by permission of the American Book Company.*)

HE AND SHE

"Now where are you going so fast, little maid?
Now, where are you going so soon?"
"I'm going to be a great Queen, sir," she said,
"In the land of the Silver Spoon!
I'm tired of spelling, of chickens, of bees;
I'm tired of sewing a seam;

So I'm going for ever to do as I please,
And eat only peaches and cream!"

"And where are *you* going, my fine little man?
And where are you going so fast?"
"Out on the sea, just as quick as I can,
To stand at the front of the mast!
I'm tired of seven times four, sir," quoth he,
"And lessons are useless and old;
An Admiral Pirate I'm going to be,
With a vessel of purple and gold!"

Then passed the folk busily early and late
Till daylight grew red in the west,
And the queer bent man by the old toll-gate
Sat him down on a stump to rest.
When up the long highway there suddenly sped
Two wanderers hastening near;
And one—he was hanging a sorrowful head;
And one—she was sobbing with fear.

"Now, whither art coming, my dear little maid?
Now, whither art coming?" quoth he.
"Oh! straight home to bed, sir," she sobbingly said,
"And to get some nice porridge and tea!

For the road to the Fairy Tale Spoon, sir, I ween,
It is harder than ever I'll tell,
And would you believe it? there isn't a queen
Who doesn't just know how to spell."

"And whither art coming, my fine little man?"
That funny old man spake he.
"Oh, I'm going right home," said the traveller sad,
"To study a book on the sea!
Of purple and gold I have found not a speck,
But toilers with rope and with oar—
And there isn't an admiral walking a deck
Who doesn't know seven times four!"

VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN

I

Now Israel loved Joseph more than all his children, because he was the son of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colors. And his brethren saw that their father loved him more than all his brethren; and they hated him, and could not speak peaceably unto him.

And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it to his brethren; and they hated him yet the more. And he said unto them, Hear, I pray you, this dream which I have dreamed: for, behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and, lo, my sheaf arose, and also stood upright; and, behold, your sheaves came round about, and bowed down to my sheaf. And his brethren said to him, Shalt thou indeed reign over us? or shalt thou indeed have dominion over us? And they hated him yet the more for his dreams, and for his words.

And he dreamed yet another dream, and told it to his brethren, and said, Behold, I have dreamed yet a dream; and, behold, the sun and the moon and eleven stars bowed down to me. And he told it to his father, and to his brethren; and his father rebuked him, and said unto him, What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren indeed come to bow down ourselves to thee to the earth? And his brethren envied him; but his father kept the saying in mind.

II

And it came to pass, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, that they stript Joseph out of his coat, his coat of many colors that was on him; and they took him, and cast him into a pit; and the pit was empty, there was no water in it. And they sat down to eat bread.

Then there passed by Midianites, merchantmen; and they drew near and lifted up Joseph out of the pit, and sold Joseph to the Ishmaelites for twenty pieces of silver. And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the

coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father, and said, This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.

And Joseph was brought down to Egypt. And the Lord was with Joseph, and he was a prosperous man; and he was in the house of his master the Egyptian. And his master saw that the Lord was with him, and that the Lord made all that he did to prosper in his hand.

III

And Pharaoh said unto Joseph, In my dream, behold, I stood upon the bank of the river: and, behold, there came up out of the river seven kine, fat-fleshed and well-favored; and they fed in a meadow; and, behold, seven other kine came up after them, poor and very ill-favored and lean-fleshed, such as I never saw in all the land of Egypt for badness; and the lean and the ill-favored kine did eat up the first seven fat kine: and when they had eaten them up, it could not be known that they had eaten them; but they were still ill-favored, as at the beginning. So I awoke.

And I saw in my dream, and, behold, seven ears came up in one stalk, full and good; and, behold, seven ears, withered, thin, and blasted with the east wind, sprung up after them: and the thin ears devoured the seven good ears. And I told this unto the magicians; but there was none that could declare it to me.

And Joseph said unto Pharaoh, The dream

of Pharaoh is one: God hath declared unto Pharaoh what he is about to do. The seven good kine are seven years; and the seven good ears are seven years: the dream is one. And the seven lean and ill-favored kine that came up after them are seven years, and the seven empty ears blasted with the east wind shall be seven years of famine. That is the thing which I have spoken unto Pharaoh: what God is about to do he showeth unto Pharaoh. Behold, there come seven years of great plenty throughout all the land of Egypt: and there shall arise after them seven years of famine; and all the plenty shall be forgotten in the land of Egypt; and the famine shall consume the land; and the plenty shall not be known in the land by reason of that famine following, for it shall be very grievous.

IV

Now when Jacob saw that there was corn in Egypt, Jacob said unto his sons, Why do ye look one upon another? And he said, Behold, I have heard that there is corn in Egypt: get you down thither, and buy for us from thence; that we may live, and not die. And Joseph's ten brethren went down to buy corn in Egypt. But Benjamin, Joseph's brother, Jacob sent not with his brethren; for he said, Lest peradventure mischief befall him.

And the sons of Israel came to buy among those that came, for the famine was in the land of Canaan. And Joseph was the governor over the land; he it was that sold to all the people of the land; and Joseph's brethren came, and bowed down themselves to him with their faces to the earth. And Joseph saw his brethren, and he knew them, but made himself strange unto them, and spake roughly unto them; and he said unto them, Whence come ye? And they said, From the land of Canaan to buy food.

And Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him. And Joseph remembered the dreams which he dreamed of them, and said unto them, Ye are spies; to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said unto him, Nay, my lord, but to buy food are thy servants come. We are all one man's sons; we are true men, thy servants are no spies. And he said unto them, Nay, but to see the nakedness of the land ye are come. And they said, Thy servants are twelve brethren, the sons of one man in the land of Canaan; and, behold, the youngest is this day with our father, and one is not.

And Joseph said unto them, That is it that I spake unto you, saying, Ye are spies: hereby ye shall be proved: by the life of Pharaoh ye shall not go forth hence, except your youngest brother come hither. Send one of you, and let him fetch your brother, and ye shall be kept in prison, that your words may be proved, whether there be any truth in you; or else by the life of Pharaoh surely ye are spies. And he put them all together into ward three days.

v

Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him, and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren. And he wept aloud; and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard.

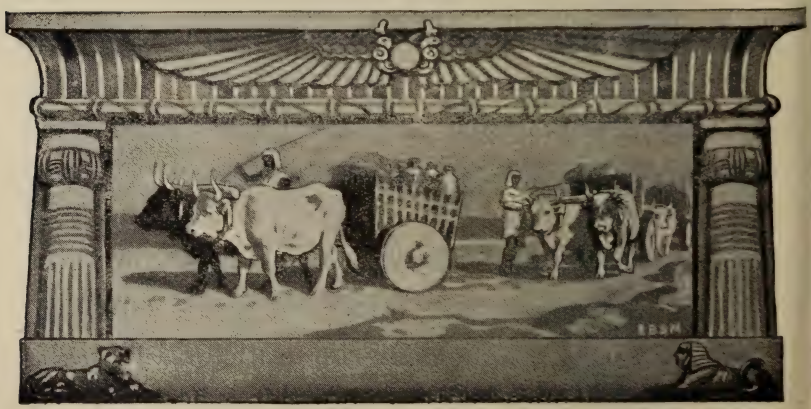
And Joseph said unto his brethren, I am Joseph; doth my father yet live? And his brethren could not answer him, for they were troubled at his presence. And Joseph said unto

his brethren, Come near to me, I pray you. And they came near. And he said, I am Joseph your brother, whom ye sold into Egypt. Now therefore be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you to preserve life. For these two years hath the famine been in the land: and yet there are five years in the which there shall be neither earing nor harvest. And God sent me before you to preserve you a posterity in the earth, and to save your lives by a great deliverance. So now it was not you that sent me hither, but God; and he hath made me a father to Pharaoh, and lord of all his house, and a ruler throughout all the land of Egypt.

Haste ye, and go up to my father, and say unto him, Thus saith thy son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me, tarry not: and thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all that thou hast: and there will I nourish thee, for yet

there are five years of famine; lest thou and thy household and all that thou hast come to poverty. And, behold, your eyes see, and the eyes of my brother Benjamin, that it is my mouth that speaketh unto you. And ye shall tell my father of all my glory in Egypt, and of all that ye have seen; and ye shall haste and bring down my father hither. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck and wept; and Benjamin wept upon his neck. And he kissed all his brethren, and wept upon them, and after that his brethren talked with him.

BIBLE: *Genesis.*



KING WENCESLAS

Good King Wenceslas looked out,
On the Feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round about
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling:
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine
When we bear them thither."

Page and monarch forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger:
Fails my heart, I know not how,
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, my good page,
Tread thou in them boldly;

Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing.

OLD CAROL.

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF

O HUSH thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear baby, to thee.

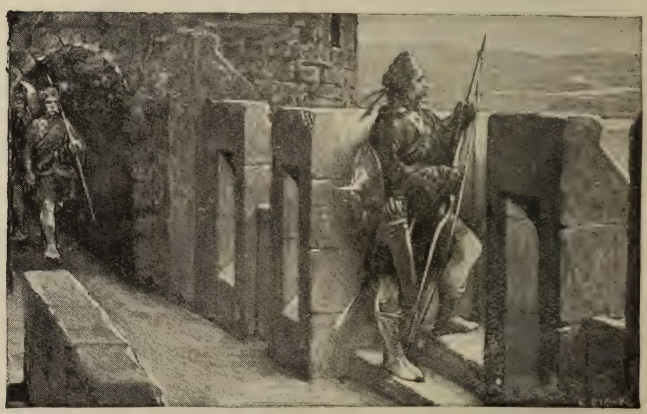
O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows;
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;

Their bows would be bended,* their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.

O hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum ;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

* *Bended*, in prose *bent*.



"*The warders that guard thy repose*" (p. 205)

Changing Pastures.—*Rosa Bonheur*

THE LITTLE CHIMNEY SWEEP

Tom and his master, Grimes, did not go in by the gates, as if they had been dukes or bishops, but round the back way ; and there, in the passage, the housekeeper met them and turned them into a grand room all covered up in sheets of brown paper, and bade them begin. So after a whimper or two, and a kick from his master, into the grate Tom went, and up the chimney.

How many chimneys Tom swept I cannot say, but he swept so many that he got quite tired and puzzled. At last, coming down as he thought the right chimney, he came down the wrong one, and found himself on the hearth-rug in a room quite different from any room he had ever seen before.

The room was all dressed in white. There were white curtains, white furniture, and white walls, with just a few lines of pink here and there. The carpet was all over gay little flowers, and the walls were hung with pictures in gilt frames. There were pictures of ladies and gentle-

men, and pictures of horses and dogs. The horses Tom liked, but the dogs he did not care much for, for there were no bull-dogs among them.

But two of the pictures Tom liked better than all the rest. One was the picture of a Man sitting with little children and their mother round Him, and He was laying His hand upon the children's heads. That was a very pretty picture, Tom thought, to hang in a lady's room. For he could see it was a lady's room by the dresses which lay about. The other picture was of the same Man nailed to a cross. This surprised Tom very much. "Poor Man," thought he, "He looks so kind and quiet." It made him feel so sad that he turned to look at something else.

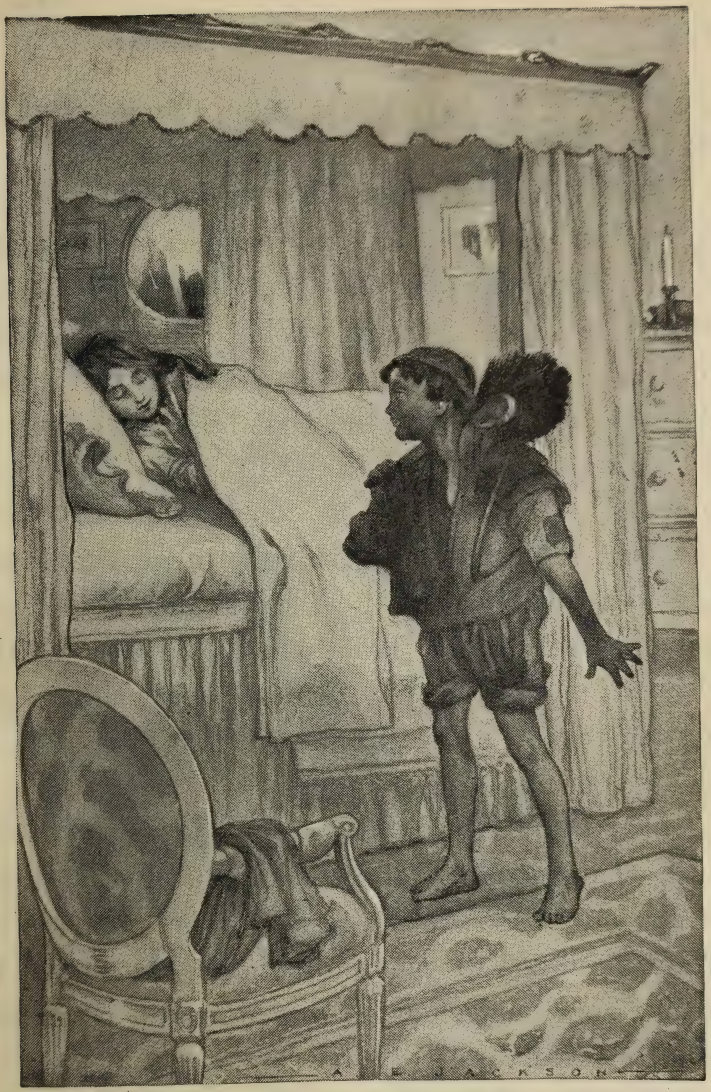
The next thing Tom saw puzzled him a good deal too. It was a wash-stand with jugs and basins, soap and towels, and a large bath full of clean water—what a heap of things all for washing!

"She must be a very dirty lady," thought Tom, "to want so much scrubbing as all that;"

and then, looking towards the bed, he saw that dirty lady and held his breath with astonishment.

Under the snow-white coverlet, upon the snow-white pillow, lay the most beautiful little girl that Tom had ever seen. Her cheeks were almost as white as the pillow, and her hair was like threads of gold spread all over the bed. She might have been as old as Tom, or perhaps a year or two older, but Tom did not think of that. He thought only of her beautiful face and golden hair, and wondered whether she was a real live person or one of the wax dolls he had seen in the shops. But when he saw her breathe, he made up his mind that she was alive, and stood staring at her as if she had been an angel out of heaven.

"No! she cannot be dirty; she never could have been dirty," thought Tom to himself. And then he thought, "Are all people like that when they are washed?" And he looked at his own wrist, and tried to rub off the soot, and wondered whether it would ever come off. "Certainly I



"The most beautiful little girl" (p. 210)

would look much prettier then, if I grew at all like her," thought he.

Then looking round he suddenly saw, standing close to him, a little ugly black ragged figure, with red eyes and grinning white teeth. He turned on it angrily. What did such a little black ape want in that sweet young lady's room? And all at once he found that he was looking in a looking-glass, and that the little black ape was himself.

And Tom, for the first time in his life, knew that he was dirty, and he burst into tears with shame and anger. He turned to creep up the chimney again and hide, but he upset the fender and threw the fire-irons down with a great clattering noise.

Up jumped the little white lady in her bed, and, seeing Tom, began to scream. In rushed a stout old nurse from the next room, and seeing Tom too, made up her mind that he had come to steal; so she dashed at him as he lay over the fender, and caught him by the jacket.

But she did not hold Tom long. He was

much too clever for that, for he slipped under the old nurse's arm, across the room, and out of the window in a moment.

He did not need to drop out, though he could have done so bravely enough. Under the window grew a tall tree. He went down it like a cat, across the garden lawn, over the iron railings, and up the park towards the wood, leaving the old nurse screaming at the window.

The gardener mowing the grass saw Tom, and throwing down his scythe ran after him. The dairymaid upset the cream, the groom let loose the horse, Grimes upset the soot-sack, the ploughman left his horses, and they all ran out and began to chase poor little Tom. They all ran up the park, shouting, "Stop thief," as if they

thought that Tom had at least a thousand pounds' worth of jewels in his empty pockets. And the very magpies and jays followed Tom up, screeching and screaming, as if he were a hunted fox.

A WAKE-UP SONG

Sun's up! wind's up! Wake up, dearies!
Leave your coverlets white and downy.
June's come into the world this morning.
Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!

Dew on the meadow-grass, waves on the water,
Robins on the rowan tree, wondering about you!
Don't keep the buttercups so long waiting,
Don't keep the bobolinks singing without you.

Wake up, Golden Head! Wake up, Brownie!
Cat-bird wants you in the garden soon.
You and I, butterflies, bobolinks, and clover,
We've a lot to do on the first of June.

Charles G. D. Roberts

ALL THINGS BEAUTIFUL

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The Lord God made them all.

Each little flower that opens,
Each little bird that sings,—
He made their glowing colors,
He made their tiny wings.

The purple-headed mountain,
The river running by,
The morning and the sunset
That lighteth up the sky;

The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruits in the garden,—
He made them every one.

He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty
Who hath made all things well.

Cecil Frances Alexander

A YOUNG HERO

MANY years ago there lived in Holland a brave, happy little boy whose name was Peter.

Peter's father was a sluicer—that is, a man who watched the sluices, or gates, in the dikes and opened and closed them for the ships to pass out of the canals into the great sea.

Even the little children were taught that the dikes must be watched every moment, and that a hole no larger than your little finger was a very dangerous thing.

One lovely afternoon in the early fall, when Peter was eight years old, his mother called him from his play. "Come, Peter," she said, "I wish you to go across the dike and take these cakes to your friend, the blind man. If you go quickly, and do not stop to play, you will be home again before it is dark."

The little boy was glad to go on such an errand, and set out with a light heart. He stayed with the poor blind man a little while to tell him about his walk along the dike; of

the sun and the flowers and the ships far out at sea. Then he remembered his mother's wish that he should return before dark, and bidding his friend "Good-bye," he set out for home.

As he walked beside the canal, he noticed how the rains had swollen the waters, and he thought of his father's gates.

"I am glad they are so strong," he said to himself. "If they gave way, what would become of us? These pretty fields would be covered with water. Father always calls them the 'angry waters.' I suppose he thinks they are angry at him for keeping them out so long."

As he walked along he sometimes stopped to pick the pretty blue flowers that grew beside the road, and he smiled as he thought of the poor blind man who had so few pleasures and was always so glad to have him come.

Suddenly he noticed that the sun was setting, and that it was growing dark. "Mother will be watching for me," he thought, and he began to run toward home.

Just then he heard a noise. It was the

sound of trickling water! He stopped and looked down. There was a small hole in the dike, through which a tiny stream was flowing.

Any child in Holland is frightened at the thought of a leak in the dike, so that Peter understood the danger at once. If the water ran through a little hole it would soon make a larger one, and the whole country would be flooded. In a moment he saw what he must do. Throwing away his flowers, he climbed down the side of the dike and thrust his finger into the tiny hole.

The flowing of the water was stopped!

"Oho!" he said to himself, "the angry waters must stay back now. I can keep them back with my finger. Holland shall not be drowned while I am here."

This was all very well at first, but it soon grew dark and cold. The little fellow shouted and screamed. "Come here! come here!" he called. But no one heard him; no one came to help him.

It grew still colder, and his arm ached and

began to grow stiff and numb. He shouted again, "Will no one come? Mother! Mother!"

But his mother had looked anxiously along the dike road many times since sunset for her little boy, and now she had closed and locked the cottage door, thinking that Peter was spending the night with his blind friend, and that she would scold him for it in the morning.

Peter tried to whistle, but his teeth chattered with the cold. He thought of his brother and sister in their warm beds, and of his dear father and mother. "I must not let them be drowned," he thought. "I must stay here until some one comes, if I have to stay all night."

The moon and stars looked down on the child crouching on a stone on the side of the dike. His head was bent, and his eyes were closed, but he was not asleep, for every now and then he rubbed the hand that was holding back the angry sea.

In the early morning, a laborer going to his work thought he heard a groan as he walked along on the top of the dike. Bending down

he saw the child and called to him: "What is the matter, boy? Are you hurt? Why are you sitting there?"

"I am keeping the water from running in," was the answer of the little hero. "Tell them to come quickly."

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I knew not where,
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thickest, greenest;
There to trace the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadows fall the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG.

THE LOST CAMEL

A DERVISH was travelling alone in the desert when he met two merchants.

"You have lost a camel," said he to the merchants.

"Indeed we have," they replied.

"Was he not blind in his right eye, and lame in his left leg?" asked the dervish.

"He was," replied the merchants.

"Had he lost a front tooth?" asked the dervish.

"He had," answered the merchants.

"And was he not laden with honey on one side, and corn on the other?"

"Most certainly he was," they rejoined, "and

as you have seen him so lately, you can, of course, lead us to him."

"My friends," the dervish said, "I have never seen your camel, nor have I heard of him, except through yourselves."

"A pretty story, truly!" cried the merchants. "You must have seen him. And where are the jewels which formed a part of his burden?"

"I have never seen your camel, nor your jewels," repeated the dervish.

Upon this they seized him and took him to the Cadi to be judged; but, on the strictest search, nothing could be found against him. Nothing was found to prove him guilty of either falsehood or theft.

"He is a magician!" exclaimed the merchants.

But the dervish calmly said to the Cadi: "I see that you are surprised, and that you believe that I am deceiving you. Perhaps I have given you cause for such belief. I have lived long and alone in the desert, but I have learned to see and to think.

"I knew that I had crossed the track of a

camel that had strayed from its owner because I saw its footprints, but no trace of a human being.

"I knew the animal was blind in one eye because it had cropped the herbage on only one side of the path. And I knew it was lame in one leg because one foot had made but a faint impression upon the sand.

"I also concluded that the animal had lost one tooth because, wherever it had grazed, a small tuft of herbage in the centre of its bite was left untouched.

"I knew that which formed the burden of the beast, for the busy ants told me that it was corn on the one side, and the clustering flies that it was honey on the other."

THE ORCHARD

The orchard has a hundred trees,
And all so slim and fine,
Each powdered with pale apple bloom
They straightly stand in line.

The wind and raindrops love them well
And all the world besides,
I think they look exactly like
A row of little brides!

MARGUERITE BULLER ALLAN.
(By arrangement with S. B. Gundy, Toronto.)

THE ORCHARD

THERE's no garden like an orchard,
Nature shows no fairer thing
Than the apple trees in blossom
In these late days o' the spring.

Here the robin redbreast's nesting,
Here, from golden dawn till night,
Honey bees are gaily swimming
In a sea of pink and white.

Just a sea of fragrant blossoms,
Steeped in sunshine, drenched in dew,
Just a fragrant breath which tells you
Earth is fair again and new.

Just a breath of subtle sweetness,
Breath which holds the spice o' youth,
Holds the promise o' the summer—
Holds the best o' things, forsooth.

There's no garden like an orchard,
Nature shows no fairer thing
Than the apple trees in blossom
In these late days o' the spring.

JEAN BLEWETT.

ANDROCLES AND THE LION

IN the great city of Rome there lived, many years ago, a poor slave named Androcles. Very terrible things he suffered at the hands of his cruel master, until, unable to bear his miseries any longer, he ran away and hid in the forests that lay beyond the city walls. But little could he find to eat in the woods, and, each day growing weaker, he at last crept into a cave to die. Stretched upon the floor, he fell into a deep sleep, whence he was awakened by the roaring of a lion, who entered the cave, limping, and in great pain.

Androcles saw that there was a large thorn in the lion's paw. Though much afraid, he took the paw in his hands, and, with a quick, strong pull, drew out the thorn. Immediately the pain was

relieved. The lion licked Androcles' hands, rubbed his head against him, and lay down at his feet. Androcles was no longer afraid. That night lion and slave slept side by side.

Next morning the lion went out into the woods, but soon came back bringing with him food for Androcles. This he did for many days, and the slave was happier in the cave than he had ever been in his master's house.

At length, Roman soldiers, travelling through the woods, found Androcles and brought him back to Rome. According to the law, slaves who ran away must fight with wild animals in a ring before the people. To make these animals fiercer, no food was given them for days beforehand.

Into the ring, then, they brought Androcles on an appointed day. Thousands of people sat on raised seats to watch the fight. No one uttered a word of pity for the poor slave. A door in the wall opened, and a hungry lion leaped in. With a roar, he rushed towards the slave, who leaped lightly aside as the lion sprang upon him.

Then a strange thing happened. There was a cry of joy from the slave as he threw his arms about the lion, who licked his hands. Leaning against him Androcles faced the people. The old friends had met once more.

The crowd gazed in astonishment and asked Androcles what magic power he had over the beast. Then Androcles told them of his misery with his master, and of his happy days in the cave. "I am a man," said he, "yet no man has been kind to me. It has remained for a wild beast to love and protect me." The hearts of the people were moved, and they cried with a loud voice, "Life for the slave and the lion! Freedom for both!"

So Androcles became a free man, and for years after he and his lion were among the sights of old Rome.

THE CHILD'S WORLD

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,—
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You, friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah, you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers, to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say,
"You are more than the Earth, though you are
such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth can not!"

WILLIAM B. RANDS.

The Shepherdess.—*Henri Lerolle*

A DOG OF FLANDERS

I. Nello and Patrasche

Far across the bright blue waters lived Nello and his dear old grandfather, in a quiet little village of Flanders. Nello was a gentle, golden-haired little boy, with bright red cheeks and soft dark eyes.

Their home was only a little mud hut, with beans and pumpkins growing around. But Nello was young and the grandfather loving, and kind to the boy, and they were very happy together.

In the middle of the village ran a great canal, shaded on each side by tall poplars and bending alders. Day after day little Nello ran along on the edge of the bank in little wooden shoes with his pink legs showing above. Day after day he gazed into the water, seeing the queer little houses with their bright red roofs, white walls, and pretty green blinds, and his own happy face smiling back at him.

Now Patrasche was a dog—a homely yellow dog of Flanders. His head was large, his legs

bowed, his ears stood up like a wolf's, and his feet were broad and flat from much toil. He was a slave, a slave to his cruel master, who piled a cart quite high with pots and pans and images of brass and tin, and walked idly by while he let Patrasche drag it over the stony roads and through the dusty streets.

At night the patient Patrasche was repaid for his hard work by blows and angry words, and driven supperless into the street to find a bed as best he might.

One day as he was toiling faithfully along in the scorching sun, hungry and thirsty, for he had had nothing to eat or drink for many hours, he fell in the dusty road. There he lay scarcely breathing ; for he was sore from blows, blinded by dust, and sick unto death.

His master, thinking his life so nearly gone that Patrasche would no longer be of use to him, roughly tore the harness from his body and, kicking the dog to one side into the ditch, pushed the cart lazily along up the hill.

What cared he? Patrasche was only a dog,

he reasoned, born for toil and the cart, and dogs were of little value in Flanders. Besides, had he not gotten good value out of Patrasche? The beast had cost next to nothing, while for two long weary years he had toiled without ceasing; toiled early and late, in cold and heat, through storm or shine.

It was a day for merrymaking. Hundreds of people in quaint Flemish carts or wagons, on foot or riding long-eared mules, were hurrying joyously past, on to the fair. Few saw Patrasche; some stopped for just a glance, but not one stayed to help him.

By and by, among a group of pleasure-seekers, there came an old man. He was poorly dressed, and slowly made his way over the sharp stones and through the white dust. Running along by his side, now here, now there, was a curly-haired child.

Suddenly they saw the dog, lying motionless amid the weeds in the grass-grown ditch. Turning aside, they knelt down in the grass beside him, their eyes full of tenderest pity. And thus

it was they met—the happy Nello and big, yellow Patrasche.

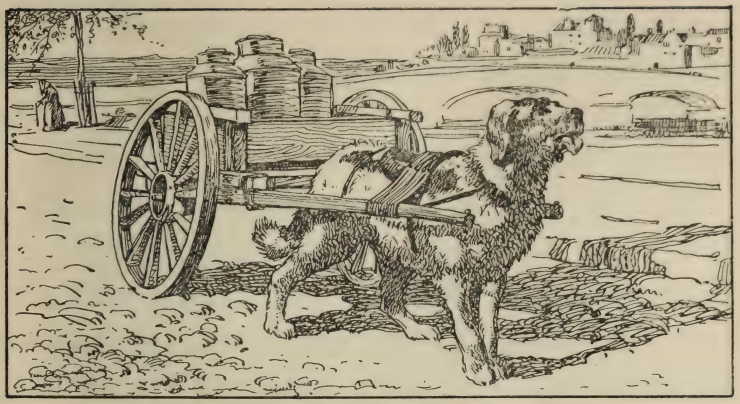
So it came to pass, as night fell over the little town, that old Jehan Daas drew the poor old dog to his own little mud hut.

They made him a bed in one corner of the hut upon a pile of dry grass and leaves, and there he lay, hearing the soft prattle of the childish voice and feeling only the loving touch of the old man's hand.

As the days passed they grew to love him, and oft in the stillness of the night they listened for his quiet breathing to tell them he was still alive.

At last one day he rose and gave a long, low bark. The old man wept for joy, while Nello danced with delight to see the dog well and strong again, and ran to hang a chain of daisies around his neck.

Now all the time Patrasche had been sick and useless, he had heard no harsh words and felt no cruel blows. In his deep brown eyes was a look of wonder, and in his heart had grown a great love for little Nello and kind old Jehan Daas.



II. How Patrasche helped Nello

The old man and the little child were poor —very poor indeed. It was seldom they had enough to eat, often nothing at all, but Patrasche was always welcome to his share.

There was little old Jehan Daas could find to do to earn even their simple food. Each day he drew into town with a little old cart his neighbors' cans of fresh milk, and each night he brought them back the shining yellow coins in exchange. But it was getting too hard work for the old man, for the city was more than a mile away, the roads were rough, and the loads seemed heavy.

Patrasche used to lie in a sunny corner and watch the old cart with its load of shining brass cans come and go. He was only a dog, to be sure, but he was very grateful.

One day when he was well, he lay with a thoughtful look in his brown eyes, watching old Jehan get ready to start. And it happened next morning, when the old man had loaded the cart, Patrasche walked quietly over and placed himself between the handles. With signs and pleading looks he showed his willingness to earn his bread and homely shelter. But old Jehan shook his head and said, "Nay, nay, my dog! Stop thou at home and rest. God never made thee to toil."

But Patrasche, not contented with this and finding they would not harness him, caught hold of the cart with his strong teeth and tried to draw it. At last the old man, finding it was of no use to refuse, fastened Patrasche to the cart so that he could pull it. And this he did each morning of his life.

Jehan was very thankful to the kind fate

that had led him, on that fair midsummer day, to the dying dog. When winter came again and the roads were rough, he could scarcely have drawn the heavy load through the deep snow had it not been for the strength of Patrasche.

As for the dog, he was well and content. It seemed heaven to him, after the heavy burden his old master had made him carry, to start out each morning by the side of the kind old man, drawing the little light cart and its load of shining cans.

His work was over very early in the day, and then came time for rest or play, to run through the fields or romp with little Nello. By and by the child, who by this time was six years old, took his grandfather's place beside the cart, sold milk, and brought the money to the neighbors. It was a pretty picture these two made—the old green cart drawn by the great yellow dog with his harness of brass, and Nello in his wooden shoes running beside.

They were never known to complain. Even

when the icicles cut the willing feet of Patrasche, and the cold numbed the boy's little bare legs, they trudged cheerily on.

Sometimes upon the streets they used to meet the dogs that toiled from early dawn till set of sun and were repaid by blows and kicks and driven supperless to bed. In his heart Patrasche was very thankful to the good fortune that had given him easy work and such a loving little face to smile down upon him.

They did their work so faithfully together that old Jehan had no need to go again, but could stop at home and sit in the door to dream and doze and watch for them to come. And on their return Nello would unfasten the rude harness, and Patrasche shake himself until he was free from the cart, and together they would go in to the scanty meal of bread and milk.

Then sitting at the old man's knee they listened to his simple tales, or watched the shadows lengthen from the tall church spire and night fall over the quaint little Flemish town.

Louise de la Ramée.

The King, the Prince of Wales, and Staff passing British Troops in France.—*F. Matania*

(*By permission of the "Sphere."*)

NATIONAL ANTHEM

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

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